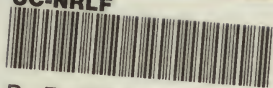


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To Rev. A. Durant

With respects of the
Author.





Paul Redding.

PAUL REDDING:

A Tale

OF

THE BRANDYWINE.

BY T. B. READ.



BOSTON:

A. TOMPKINS AND B. B. MUSSEY.

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Dedication.

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TO

NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, Esq.,  
OF CINCINNATI,  
A FRIEND AND PATRON OF ART,

This Tale

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.



## Preface.

---

Nor mine the measured tread of solemn marches,  
When sable weeds float plume-like on the air;  
Nor stately step beneath triumphal arches,  
When conq'ring heroes flowery chaplets wear.

Not of the days of armor, shields, and lances,  
When monarchs bade the tournament begin;  
When woman's presence made uncertain chances  
More fatal still amid the clashing din;—

When flowed the tide of war with purpose holy,  
And spread its waves of blood o'er Palestine;  
And when, to expiate some sin or folly,  
The weary pilgrim sought the distant shrine.

Not from those days, so olden and romantic,  
My humble wand would raise the scene sublime;  
A mightier voice hath called from graves gigantic  
The stalwart champions of that iron time.

Nor have I sat amid those lofty towers  
Where Speculation broods with visage pale;  
Nor walked with impious feet Love's sacred bowers,  
To tell once more an oft-repeated tale;—

No individual wrongs have deigned to borrow,  
To swell the story; nor disturbed the dead;  
But through the changing paths of joy and sorrow,  
Have followed where Imagination led.

Received of the Hon. Secy. of the Interior  
for the purchase of land for the  
use of the Indians of the  
tribe of the Great Basin

the sum of \$100.00  
in full for the purchase of land  
for the use of the Indians of the  
tribe of the Great Basin

I hereby certify that the sum of  
\$100.00 has been received for the  
purchase of land for the use of the  
Indians of the tribe of the Great Basin

Witness my hand and seal of office  
this 1st day of January 1891  
at Washington, D.C.

Very truly yours,  
John D. McDonald  
Commissioner of the General Land Office

Approved by the Hon. Secy. of the Interior  
this 1st day of January 1891  
at Washington, D.C.



# PAUL REDDING.

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## CHAPTER I.

“ Though truly some there are  
Whose footsteps superstitiously avoid  
This venerable tree; for when the wind  
Blows keenly, it sends forth a creaking sound  
(Above the general roar of woods and crags)  
Distinctly heard from far — a doleful note !  
As if (so Grecian shepherds would have deemed,)  
The Hamadryad, pent within, bewailed  
Some bitter wrong. Nor is it unbeliev'd,  
By ruder fancy, that a troubled ghost  
Haunts this old trunk ; lamenting deeds of which  
The flowery ground is conscious.”

WORDSWORTH.

THE BRANDYWINE river may be observed, at one time, winding slowly, in its silvery silence, through richly-pastured farms ; or running broad and rippling over its beautiful bed of pearly shells and golden pebbles, (with which it toys and sings as merrily as an innocent-hearted child,) until its waters contract and roll heavily and darkly beneath the grove of giant oaks, elms and sycamores ; but soon, like the sullen flow of a dark heart, it breaks angrily over the first obstruction. Thus you may

see the Brandywine, at one point, boiling savagely over a broken bed of rocks, until its thick sheets of foam slide, like an avalanche of snow, into a deep pool, where it sends up a whispering voice, like that which pervades a rustling audience when the drop-curtain has shed its folds upon a scene that, like the "Ancient Mariner," has held each ear and eye as with a magic spell.

This place is bound in, on either side, by an almost perpendicular precipice of dark rocks; at the top of which, among the crevices, grow a few small cedars; but farther back, as the soil increases in depth, the trees are larger, and form, upon that eminence, a beautiful grove, where the twilight, even at high noon, is held a delicious captive. From the limbs of the largest elms hang long waving vines, wrought, as you might think, into the fantastic splendors of the richest pile of ornamental Gothic, and

"'Neath cloistered boughs each floral bell that swingeth,  
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,  
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth  
A call to prayer!"

Those natural arbors are entirely devoid of underbrush, and so perfectly carpeted with that evergreen moss, that bends and rises elastic as you step, you could not but imagine that there Titania held her moonlit revelries! and the voice of the waters, borne on the air down through the chasm, when softened by the distance into music, seemed, indeed,

to be a melody furnished by invisible musicians whilst nature held high festival.

It was to this place, one sunny afternoon in September, that a pedestrian was attracted, by the richness of the scene, from the main road that wound around the side of the hill. He was not more than eighteen years of age, and of a slender constitution. For awhile his nervous dark eye wandered from object to object; he saw the wild fish-hawk circling high in heaven, and watched it until at last it struck downwards at an acute angle and disappeared beneath the waters; the youth gazed at the spot until he beheld the bird rise again and dash the flashing spray from his dusky wings. It is a strange sensation to stand, as it were, a sentinel on one of nature's own embattlements; — to be the only human creature for the time that is gazing on a scene of startling grandeur, — to be in that situation when with one step we might plunge our bodies into an eternal oblivion, where man might never after dream of our destination! How strange, too, is that dreadful impulse, which strives in some under such circumstances, to gain the ascendancy over reason, and to draw them on to fatal consequences! Such was the giddy feeling with which the youth started back from the edge of the precipice, almost trembling to think that one moment more might have been too late! Let not this be thought an evidence of cowardice; but rather the effect of a most nervous imagination ever

on the stretch and cultivated far beyond the other faculties of the mind. Paul Redding, for such was the name of the young man, hurried away from the scene, feeling a pressure upon his brain, for the moment, almost intolerable ; and emerging into the calm recesses of the grove, threw himself upon a mossy mound. The loveliness of the place soon stole upon his senses. Little flowers were smiling beside him ; squirrels were leaping from limb to limb, as fearlessly as though man were the usual inhabitant of the scene ; and Paul's imagination once more freely played with the beautiful things about him. His fancy whispered that perchance some brave Indian chieftain slept beneath that old oak, that reared its head so majestically to heaven, a monument raised by pitying nature over her warrior son. And he could not but sigh to think that some gentle maid might be there, even beneath the very mound on which he rested, without a line or mark to tell where rests the innocent ; yet could he read a divine epitaph written with modest violets upon a mossy tablet ;—yes, an epitaph that nature each year will renew, even when the mightiest monuments have ceased to tell their tales ! As Paul beheld the slanting bars of sunlight, that pierced through the deep retreat, he was reminded of the distance which he had yet to go, and turning from the grove he pursued his way for a moment ; but the magic spirit of the place had thrown, as it were, its flowery fetters about his feet, and he

could not tear himself away. As he stood wrapped in the hazy mantle, that the scene around and his fancy had woven about him, he thought that those grand old trees seemed with their broad brazen faces to smile upon their smaller mates, while the latter, covered with moving vines, appeared like joyous maidens weaving garlands for their grim lovers. But alas,

“ — The Dryad days were brief,  
Whereof the poets talk,  
When that, which breathes within the leaf,  
Could slip its bark and walk.”

This scene induced Paul to strive and transcribe it to paper. He sat down upon a stone, at a little distance, beside an old apple-tree, whose blasted trunk leant over almost to the earth. The youth wondered how long it had been since that antiquated fruit-bearer had been planted there. He saw down by the road-side a large dilapidated square stone building; but the great number of fruit-trees in the vicinity of the house seemed to bear no fellowship with this. Around him were the marks of old excavations, with long grass growing over the stones that filled them. Over one of these places evidently had stood a house, that day after day had thrown a time-marking shadow across the hill. Substance and shadow, thought the youth, where are they? The storms of many years have beaten one into the earth, and the sun has picked up the other! Those depressions in the sod seemed, indeed, like

the footprints of a past generation. How long, sighed Paul, has it been since happy, fair-haired children played at the door of this lost dwelling? or gathered the ruddy-cheeked apples from this tree, their own faces as beautiful and glowing? Where are they now? Time has pressed his finger upon the cheeks of some, leaving an indelible print, while he now stands with green sandals on the graves of others. In the midst of this meditation, Paul's eye again reverted to the paper and pencil; but he had revelled too deeply in the grandeur and beauty of the scene to trace out with cool precision each particular feature. The loveliness of the landscape had been melting into his very soul, and the urn was not yet full to overflowing. When the spirit, which administers the power to write or to draw, impels, it is imperative, and he who writes or draws without the promptings of that spirit, is profane! As the eye of the youth again fell upon the paper, and as his ear caught the music of the river, scarcely aware of what he did, he traced these lines, which were the real outbursting of a heart full of strange melodies:

## THE BRANDYWINE.

## I.

Not Juniata's rocky tide  
That bursts its mountain barriers wide,  
Nor Susquehanna broad and fair,  
Nor thou, sea-drinking Delaware,  
May with that lovely stream compare

That draws its winding silver line  
Through Chester's storied vales and hills,  
The bright, the laughing Brandywine,  
That dallies with its hundred mills.

## II.

It sings beneath its bridges gray  
To cheer the dusty traveller's way;  
Or courting for a time his glance,  
It rests in glassy stillness there,  
And soon gives back his countenance  
    Beguiled of half its care.

Or wide before some cottage door  
It spreads to show its pebbled floor;  
And there while little children meet  
To gather shells at sunny noon,  
Its ripples sparkle round their feet,  
    And weave a joyous tune.

## III.

Yet I have seen it foam when pent  
As wroth at the impediment;  
For like our noble ancestry  
It ever struggled to be free!  
But soon along some shady bank  
In conscious liberty it sank,  
Then woke and sought the distant bay  
With many a blessing on its way.

## IV.

Oh when our life hath run its course,  
Our billowy pulses lost their force,  
Then may we know the heavenly ray  
Of peace hath lit our useful way;  
Yet feel assured that every ill  
Hath sunk beneath a steadfast will.

May we, when dying, leave behind  
Somewhat to cheer a kindred mind ;  
That toil-worn souls may rather bless  
Than curse us in their sore distress.  
For O, his is a hateful lot  
Who dies accursed, or dies forgot ;  
But sweet it is to know the brave  
May conquer, with good deeds, the grave ;  
And leave a name that long may shine  
Like that of memory divine,  
The far-famed " Banks of Brandywine."

Paul had proceeded thus far, when, suddenly, a heavy shadow fell across the paper ; he turned his gaze hurriedly up,—there stood confronting him a tall, gaunt figure, which, as it was situated exactly between himself and the afternoon sun, seemed to be at first but one dense shadow, with just sufficient of the human form to make its appearance ghostly. The young man started to his feet, and by so doing, was enabled to discern the face and features of the stranger, which were those of a tall, middle-aged man, haggard and insane. His large, black eyes flashed wildly from beneath dark, heavy brows ; his features were regular, and his complexion was of that sombre hue, which is only seen on those persons who are subject to all vicissitudes of wind and sun. His locks were long and straggling, and his cheeks deeply sunken. He wore a long, dark, old-fashioned surtout ; around his waist was tied a large, parti-colored handkerchief, whilst another of

a similar character was fastened around his neck outside of the upright coat-collar. Paul surveyed him with wonder ; and the mysterious man stood leaning on a tall staff, gazing wildly on the youth ; his lips moving inaudibly, as though devoid of all power of articulation. His lank hands, as they grasped the top of the stick, seemed like those of a skeleton, encased in shrivelled gloves. At last he muttered aloud,

“ Did you see them pass this way ? ”

“ See *what* pass this way ? ” replied Paul.

“ Ay, ay, I thought so,” said the man, looking vacantly on the distance. A silence of some moments ensued ; in the mean time, Paul strove to invent some plan by which he could draw something satisfactory from the stranger, and therefore requested him to sit down, at the same time pointing to the stone seat beneath the old apple-tree.

“ No ! no ! not there ! not there ! ” cried the stranger. “ I ’ve been scraping the spots from the floor with this blade ! ” as he spoke, he produced a large, broad-bladed, buck-handled knife. “ Yes, with this blade,” he continued ; “ they say, that which gives may take away ; but oak is hard wood, and it holds a stain as tightly as the conscience ! ” With a loud hysterical laugh, the maniac hurried away toward the wood, leaving the young man to pursue his course and to draw his own conclusions.

## CHAPTER II.

*Hominem pagina nostra sapit.*

MARTIAL.

MYNHEER GOTLIEB SPECKUNCROUT was the proprietor of the Half-way House, a place of "entertainment for man and beast," situated on the road leading from Philadelphia to Lancaster. The host was a very diminutive specimen of humanity, with a very round head and a remarkably red nose. Of a warm summer afternoon, he would take his pipe and station himself beneath the old elm-tree that shaded the front of the inn, and for hours contemplate with intense interest the counterfeit presentment of the "Half-way House," on the swinging sign-board. It was with great complacency and secret admiration that he gazed upon something in the shape of a man, very uniquely enveloped in a long waistcoat and red night-cap, represented as helping a stranger from the stage-coach. With considerable curiosity, too, he compared each particular button of his own vest with those of the one on the sign; and with quiet determination, each day resolved that his cap should undergo a course of soap and water to restore its primitive brightness, in order that the one on the board might not outvie the original. Nor could Mynheer Speckuncrout refrain at all times from

speaking aloud his admiration of that wonderful specimen of art. Every new guest must undergo the infliction of hearing all the merits of the picture explained and expatiated upon, and Mynheer never finished an eulogy upon John Dobbs, the painter, without repeating the exclamation of the frau Speckuncrout, when she first beheld the portrait of the Half-way House. He would take his pipe from his mouth, and exclaim, "Der frau, when she saw der pictur, put up her specs, den put 'em down, den looked close at der pictur, den stood away, an' she said, 'Vell now, John Dobbs, vell I declare, if I did n't know dat vasn't Gotlieb Speckuncrout, I should say that it vas, for its just as much like Gotlieb Speckuncrout as I never see!' Ha, ha, dat vas vot der frau said, yes." Thereupon Mynheer would replace his pipe, rub his hands briskly together, and send them on an exploring expedition into the depths of his pockets.

One warm afternoon in September, the host, as usual, was sitting beneath the old elm tree, gazing at his counterpart swinging gently to and fro, at the same time very meditatively rubbing his hand over the features of his face; but his *proboscis* was the especial point of attraction. He had just exclaimed to himself, as was his practice, when no other audience happened to be at hand, "And der frau said, vell now, John Dobbs ——" Just at that moment he was startled by the sound of the stageman's horn. Mynheer left the exclamation of

the frau Speckuncrout unfinished, for that was no time to contemplate the fine arts. The driver cracked his whip, and the horses dashed furiously up to the door of the inn. A very tall gentleman in a military suit, boasting remarkably red hair, tremendous mustaches and imperial of the same agreeable sunset hue, gave Mynheer Gotlieb his hand; the little host very good-naturedly assisted that savage-looking, warlike gentleman from the coach, and the warlike gentleman, in a very commanding voice, ordered the good-natured host to bring in his baggage, give him the best room in the house, and the best dinner that the place would afford, in the shortest possible notice. To all of which Gotlieb Speckuncrout answered, "Yaw, Mynheer," and proceeded to the business forthwith. However, in a few moments he was summoned very loudly by the warlike gentleman, and when the host made his appearance, the aforesaid gentleman looked Waterloo at him, and exclaimed, "I say, fellow, where is the landlord?"

Mynheer was thunderstruck. He opened his eyes to their fullest extent, partly with astonishment, and partly to view more perfectly the first person who had ever mistaken him for any one else than the veritable host. But the warlike gentleman repeated the inquiry with somewhat more of fierceness, and Mynheer, in as mild a manner as possible, replied,

"Vell, if so be as you never *did* see Gotlieb

Speckuncrout, (here he turned his eyes to the ceiling, to pray all the saints in his calendar to forgive the warlike gentleman for the oversight,) "I say, if so be as you never did see Gotlieb Speckuncrout, vy just step this vay." He walked towards the door, and the gentleman followed rather hesitatingly, looking all the time as though he would like a brace of just such bipeds, with or without trimmings, for dinner. Although Mynheer's feelings were outraged, he, good-naturedly as possible, directed the warlike gentleman to observe the sign-board. The son of Mars drew an eye-glass from his pocket, and gazed through it toward the above-named object. He dropped his eyes several times from the picture to the original, thereby acknowledging the likeness. Mynheer's triumph was complete, and he exclaimed, "Vell, you see that's me, — me! — Gotlieb Speckuncrout — yaw! And mine frau, ven she first saw der pictur, she said —"

"Sir!" growled the warlike gentleman in a voice of thunder, — "Sir! is this the only public house in this place?" That last interrogation was the very acmé of insults. Mynheer looked first with amazement all around, then at himself up and down, and then at the door very compassionately, for he knew that it must feel bad. At last, shading his eyes with his hand, he looked far down the village, and with great determination he replied,

"There *is* another house down der village, — but — Gotlieb Speckuncrout vas never the man to

say any thing against his neighbors, no ! But den I have been told by dem as have slept there, that they always vas troubled with some kind o' an'mals ven they vent to bed ; — but I never says any thing against my neighbors, no ! P'raps dem an'mal vas the night-mare, and p'raps they vasn't — I doesn't pretend to say — I never says nothing against my neighbors, no ! ” Thereupon the warlike gentleman walked into the Half-way House, registered his name, and retired to await the coming of his dinner.

On the tenth of September there was a stranger's name registered at the Half-way House ; — for, be it known, that at a country inn every man and boy in the town scrawls his autograph in the dirty book that always occupies one end of the little counter at the bar. There you may find the ostler's name, looking for all the world like a very long animal, with a great many straggling legs, running off of the page, at an angle of forty-five degrees. There, too, you may find a page where the writing-master has displayed his immense skill in drawing eagles, and very top-heavy goose quills, ready made into pens, writing all of their own accord. Yes, on the tenth of September, the warlike gentleman turned to a new, clean place, and wrote in large fierce letters, “ Captain Courtly Cutlass, of the king's service. ” That autograph was a bright ornament to the register, and, in the eyes of Mynheer, the leaf that held that name was forever afterward sacred.

When the stage-coach arrives at a village, there are always a number of persons ready to run and see who gets out or who gets in; but there are others, again, who will not mingle with what they deem the vulgar people, (for the pettiest town has its aristocracy,) but who, after common curiosity is gratified, walk leisurely past the inn, call as they return, as though it were the merest accident in the world. Such a person was the Hon. Timothy Littleworth, the only justice of the peace in the village, and, for one term, a senator to the State legislature from that place. This gentleman must have been some fifty years of age; his person was not over-comely to look upon; he affected a sort of *negligé* in his dress, a very common custom with men of genius. Was it because Mr. Littleworth's gigantic intellect towered above all considerations of dress, that he thus neglected his outward appearance? To be sure it was! Think you that a politician ever thought of wearing shabby clothes, merely to gain votes with the poorer classes, at the same time to insinuate himself into the favor of the rich by appearing independent? The very thought is slander! But the Hon. Timothy Littleworth, member of the Harrisburg senate, and justice of the peace, was often complimented by being told that he was the very counterpart of Napoleon, and Mr. Littleworth's conscience forbade him to commit the unpardonable sin of denying truth, even when modesty prompted him to the act. Who that ever

saw Mr. Timothy Littleworth, standing by the fish-pond in his garden, with his arms folded over his breast, his right foot protruded somewhat in advance of his left, and his eyes fixed on the tiny ocean, perhaps contemplating a frog, who, I say, that ever beheld Mr. Littleworth in such a position, but was strongly reminded of Napoleon Bonaparte on the island of St. Helena? Such was the gentleman, who, at four o'clock, P. M., stepped into the bar-room of the Half-way House.

Mynheer Speckencrout was not a partizan of Mr. Littleworth, and as he set a decanter, containing a deeply-colored fluid, on the bar before that honorable gentleman, he observed,

“Meister Leetlevort, my friend, I vill drink your good health; yaw, I vill vish you may be guf’ner, because you decided de case of de brindle cow in my favor.” Mr. Littleworth’s countenance lit up amazingly. “But,” continued Mynheer, “I have something just here, (Mr. Speckencrout placed his hand as he spoke, about on the tenth button from the top of his waistcoat,) I have something just here as tells me I can’t fote for you, yaw!” Mr. Littleworth looked at the host for a moment reproachfully; but glancing at the glass in his hand, his countenance relaxed into a smile of forgiveness, he raised the liquor to his lips, and contemplated Mynheer for several moments through the bottom of the tumbler. “No!” ejaculated the host, as he set his glass down on the counter with considerable

emphasis; "No, Johannes Clitersnider is the man, yaw!"

Mr. Littleworth no sooner heard the name of his opponent than he poured the remains of the liquor precipitously down his throat, and putting aside his glass, thrust his hands with alarming determination into the skirt pockets of his coat, and gave vent to a groan that seemed to come from the very depths of his shoes, accompanied with the exclamation of, "A tailor!"

"Yaw!" reiterated Gotlieb, as he turned to fill his pipe, "and vhat if Johannes Clitersnider is a tailor? Der man as fits me mit a coat, can fit me mit law — yaw, dats vat I tink."

Mr. Littleworth's feelings as a man, as a citizen, as a statesman, and as a patriot, were too much outraged to permit him to make any reply. He took a pinch of snuff from the box on the counter, drew it up his proboscis in a most desperate manner, coughed vehemently, and sneezed an indefinite number of times. His eye caught the glaring name of Captain Courtly Cutlass on the register; and, putting on his glasses to satisfy himself in regard to that remarkable autograph, he became convinced that it was no ostentatious flourish of Samuel Spatter, the writing-master. He left his card for the warlike gentleman, and assuming an air as though he had done one of the most condescending things in the world, took his leave of Mynheer Gotlieb Speckencrout, and the Half-way House, very much

as though he considered it a painful but imperative duty to carry away that vast amount of greatness that had for the last half hour shed a lustre on the most inanimate fixtures of the bar-room.

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### CHAPTER III.

His air was wild ; and he did stare and talk  
Of things uncouth to dream of.

WE must return to our young traveller. The day had been extremely sultry, such a one as is usually the precursor of a thunder-storm. The sun had not yet passed behind the blue hills in the distance, when a big black cloud, like a wrathful giant with flashing eyes, came heavily up the sky. The winds, that had all day slumbered in the vales, now leaped from their velvet couches, and, as though suddenly awakened from the terrors of a dream, ran wildly to and fro ; now whirling the dust from the road across the fields ; and again slamming the shutter in the very face of a roguish girl, who stood laughing at a traveller that had the misfortune to be forced to chase his hat the whole length of the village ; which hat ran with a hop-skip-and-a-jump along the road, and only came to a halt when it was lodged in the water-trough in front of the " Half-way House." The unfortunate traveller, (and we are loath to admit the fact, since it was rather an unpoetical situation for the hero of

a story,) proved to be Paul Redding. He stepped into the bar-room, and dropping a bundle in the corner, drew a chair to the window, and gazed silently on the coming storm. A cloud as dense as that which filled the heaven, had hung, and still continued to hang, over the sky that should rather have smiled than frowned upon a friendless youth. But the heart of the young is like the slender stem that bears the flower; though it may bend to the storm it rises elastic again; it is only the stubborn or decayed branches that break beneath the footsteps of misfortune;

“The flower, she touched on, dipt and rose,  
And turned to look at her.”

What though Paul could look to no protecting father, no sympathizing mother or sister? what though there was no bright spot on earth that he could call ‘home?’ Still there was a light, one bright object that cheered him through a life which lowered so forbiddingly; and that bright spot was within his own breast! What though he had been cast among heartless people? still was he triumphant, for he had a proud heart.

Paul sat musing, but not gloomy; though, perhaps, somewhat sad, until Mynheer touched him on the shoulder and asked him into supper. He was seated at the table with some five or six others, among whom was a tall man, who boasted a very large Roman nose, very small eyes hid behind a pair of green glasses, and a very cadaverous

mouth; these features, when combined, wore an expression of self-satisfaction mingled with a large amount of sly cunning, and even the green glasses seemed to sympathize with the changes of his countenance. After looking very sharply at Paul for a moment, he exclaimed, "Well, I guess, stranger, we're agoin' to have *some* rain;" at the same time putting great emphasis on the adjective "some." Paul ventured to reply that there was every prospect of a shower.

"Prospect of a shower!" repeated the gentleman in green glasses, "I tell you what, my juvenile friend, we shall have *some rain*;" putting the emphasis now on the word "rain." The landlord looked at the youth, as much as to say, Isn't he a wonderful man, to be sure? Paul betrayed no astonishment in regard to the matter; but applied himself to his toast and tea. The gentleman in green glasses was evidently uneasy; he kept his eyes on the pale face of the youth without even winking, seeming lost in conjecture. He sat not long, however, in that mute manner, but, as if words had just rushed to his assistance, he exclaimed, "Well, stranger, — you see I have to call you 'stranger,' seeing as I don't know your name, you know." Here the gentleman took breath a moment, evidently disappointed when the young man merely nodded his head, indicating that he had no objection to being called 'stranger.' "I was a goin' to say," continued he, "that you came

darned near being caught, for just see how like all Jehu it's rainin'. The clouds *is* pouring out their everlastin' waters on the parched 'arth, while all natur' stands with her mouth stretched from ear to ear, ready to gulp it all down. Ah, my friend, this is a beautiful world to contemplate; yes, sir, it's beautiful to hear the wind smashin' among the trees and tearin' about as though it was taking its eternal blow! It's beautiful to see the lightnin' shootin' from heaven to 'arth like a streak of wrath; and to hear the thunder roarin' like — like — like — hem — thunder! P'raps you've walked some distance to-day, stranger?" Paul answered that he had travelled some miles.

"From Lancaster?" continued the gentleman in green glasses.

"No," was the reply, "I have not walked so far as that;" and, much to the discomfort of the gentleman who seemed indefatigable in his research into other people's affairs, Paul finished his cup of tea and left the table. The gentleman in green glasses lost his appetite immediately, and as he arose from the table whispered into the ear of the host, that the person who had just stepped out was an original! Mynheer opened his eyes to their fullest extent, and exclaimed, "No!"

"Yes!" reiterated the other.

"Vell, I never!" said the host.

"Yes," replied the gentleman in green glasses again, giving Mynheer a very significant wink, as he

made his way to the bar-room. For a few moments he stood by the window contemplating the storm; but as if the last flash of lightning had struck him with a new idea, he exclaimed,

"I say, stranger, p'raps you hav'nt writ your name in that ere book, have you?" pointing, as he spoke, to the register. Paul answered in the negative. "Well, I did n't say you had, you know;" and the inquisitive gentleman opened the volume that laid on the counter. His eye wandered rapidly from page to page, until, at last, it fell upon the name of Captain Courtly Cutlass, his first astonishment found vent in a long-drawn whistle; but when he had examined each particular flourish, he drew himself up to his fullest height, and, assuming an air of great severity and determination, requested the landlord to pass him a glass of something, at the same time to furnish pen and ink.

"If I can't beat," he exclaimed, "all creation at this 'ere business," (meaning the business of inditing autographs,) "my name 's not Sam Spatter, that's all!" He disposed of the liquor in the shortest possible time, and observed that he never made mince meat of trifles, he did n't! After trying the quality of his pen some five or six times, he made sundry flourishes in the air, and worked the quill round and round until it converged to a particular spot on the paper, when he branched off into very heavy strokes for the capitals, and very fine hair lines for the small letters. Mr. Spatter's

whole body labored. His head turned slowly from side to side ; his mouth, too, kept in motion, as if chewing the English language into the most convenient shape for use.

“There!” cried Mr. Spatter, when he had finished, bringing his hand on his knee with a tremendous slap; “there, blast the brass buttons off my great grandfather’s old blue coat, if that ’ere do n’t take the shine off of ‘Captain Cutlass,’ then I do n’t know molasses and water from the best of brandy, and it’s my private opinion I could tell either on ’em in the dark, and that’s a fact.”

“Yaw,” said Mynheer, (perfectly convinced of the truth of the last part of the assertion,) as he laid the book aside.

“Hallo!” cried Mr. Spatter, in a tone that started both Mynheer and the youth. “Hallo! what’s that?”

“Vat’s vat?” reiterated the landlord.

“The devil’s at that ’ere winder, or I’m no judge!” answered the other. The Dutchman staggered into the farthest corner of the bar, perfectly terrified; and Paul Redding, not wishing to be quartered so near the “old gentleman,” retreated across the room. “There he is!” contined Mr. Spatter, “do n’t you see his eyes? O dear, how they do strike fire. Go way, you varmint! — There — there, he’s coming in! why do n’t you do something, somebody? He’s getting in at the winder!” The devil, as Mr. Spatter called the stranger, proved to be the same wild person that

Paul had encountered in the afternoon. His fierce black eyes, for a moment, rested on the gentleman in green glasses, and he exclaimed, "Bring me a glass!"

"Sartin, sartin," said Mr. Spatter, "it's shockin' dry weather down your way, I reckon! what'll you have?"

"A looking-glass!" said the stranger.

"What on 'arth do you want to see in a lookin'-glass?"

"The devil!" cried the fearful-looking man with a shudder.

"I told you so, Mynheer! I told you so, young man; he wants to see himself! There's a glass hanging there; but you aint so handsome as to be vain in your old days! O, you need n't pull my coat in that way, Speck, 'cause I aint afeared of the old 'un, I aint! But I say don't you smell something like brimstone; kind of blue blazes like, eh? But see the crittur! how he's shakin' himself! and now he's talkin' to his shadow in the glass! Wait a minute, till I speak to him, though. Hem,—the brimstone kind of chokes one — hem — I say, my good friend — O, he likes to be called *good*, the devil does; there's a tender spot on all kinds of animals; tickle a bear and it won't eat you if it's never so hungry; so I'll jest rub in a slice to kind of civilize the old 'un. I say, my good friend, a rain like this takes the curls out of one's hair properly, doesn't it? It melts a leetle o' the stiffnin' out o' the best-lookin' on us, I guess."

“There he is, there, there! don’t you see him?” exclaimed the mysterious man, pointing over his left shoulder.

“Who?” cried Mr. Spatter.

“The devil! O, he’s an ugly devil! Don’t you see him? look! Do drive him away! There he is, there, at the other shoulder! Drive him away, drive him away! Nobody drives him away!” And the poor man ran backwards until he struck the wall; and then he laughed loud and fearfully. But his wild, terrible mirth, soon subsided into a low “he, he,” and gazing on his hands, his black eyes sparkled with delight. “There,” said he, as if he were talking to some one at his side, “there, see how the little fellows do caper, ho, ho! twenty little devils play at leap frog, how they jump from one hand to another! But see! ho, ho! the whole twenty are but two! only two devils out of twenty, he, he! stop, look at them, one is an old man, and one is a young man; the old man lies down to sleep — the young man draws a dagger — see, he creeps up, look! he stabs him — robs him! avaunt, avaunt! I’ll see no more!” The poor man trembled, his countenance was distorted with terror; he shook his hands wildly in the air, and then thrust them into the breast of his coat.

“I’ll speak to him,” said Paul, “I’ll speak to him kindly, poor man. Don’t be frightened, friend, there is nothing here to hurt you; come sit down and be calm, do!” The stranger’s countenance,

as his eye fell on the speaker, settled into an expression of wonder, and his answer was a long-drawn "e-h?" partly indicating that he had seen the face before, and partly interrogatory.

"Come, sit down," continued Paul.

"What is your name?" said the stranger, in a low tone of voice. Paul hesitated until he saw the big tears standing in the stranger's eyes, and he answered, "Paul Redding."

"I thought so, I thought so! come near—let me look at you—yes, your name is Paul Redding!" and the man hid his face in his hands and wept. Paul turned away deeply affected. Mr. Spatter and the host looked on in mute astonishment. The mysterious stranger wiped his eyes hurriedly, and casting a wild glance around the room, rushed out of the door into the storm again, which raged on with unabated fury. When Paul retired to his room, that night, he sat down on the side of the bed, in deep meditation. "How odd," thought he; "why did I feel so much interest in a stranger? And why did he act so strangely in regard to me? I am amazed that he should have recognised me; I cannot remember of ever having seen the man before; and yet, there was something in his countenance that seemed familiar; something that I have either dreamed of or seen long, long ago. Poor man, how I pity him! something may happen to him in such a dark, stormy night as this. The river is swollen, I can hear it

roaring even from here. I wish that I knew where to find — Hark! somebody's at the door! who's there?" "Paul, Paul," said a low voice, "open the door, don't be afraid." The young man at once recognised the voice, and immediately admitted the mysterious stranger. "I am glad that you have come," said Paul, "very glad; you shall sleep in my bed to-night, and I will sit by and watch you." "Good boy, good boy! but I never sleep at night — the devil won't let me. There, I'll lean against the wall; this is the only way that I can rest at night. I don't fear those ugly little imps that dance before my eyes, no, no! but it's that ugly, ugly fellow that sits on my back looking over my shoulder into my face. Sometimes an old man stands behind me, his long, white locks all matted with blood, and skinny finger pointing to a deep gash in his throat! O!" The stranger hid his face in his hands and groaned. "Do be calm!" said Paul, imploringly, "do be calm; there is nothing here at all like what you describe, indeed there is not!"

"You can't see them," said the poor man; "no, you are innocent, young, and happy, and they all fly into my brain when you come near! Yes, they are in my brain, here, here, where, years ago, they built a big fire that still keeps burning, burning, burning! But I won't frighten you, no, no, I won't. Your name is Paul Redding — I know it is. I have the papers here; but, let me see; no, that

must not be yet. The time has not yet come — we shall meet again. Paul, forgive me — I forgot — we shall meet again ; then, perhaps, you will know. No matter. They call me Fiery Fitful ; remember that. It is a nickname ; perhaps I deserve it. Well, no matter. Paul, farewell ; give me your hand — no, no ! do n't ! I forgot — farewell, Paul, farewell.” The strange man hurried away, leaving the youth perfectly bewildered.

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## CHAPTER IV.

“ Seven daughters had Lord Archibald,  
All children of one mother.”

WORDSWORTH.

ON the following morning, the warlike gentleman sallied forth to view the beautiful, though rather muddy village, and to pay his respects to the important personage, who had sent him his card on the previous evening. Mr. Littleworth was at home to the warlike gentleman, and was delighted to embrace the opportunity of making the acquaintance of so distinguished an individual, although he, to speak truth, had never heard of the warlike gentleman before. However, that was nothing ; the captain's name was a sufficient guarantee of his nobility. Mr. Littleworth loved any thing that smacked of aristocracy, notwithstanding his declarations about his thorough democracy to his con-

stituents. He claimed some of the first men who have ever lived as his ancestors, and should any one require it, he could trace his genealogy back, almost, if not quite, as far as to the greatest man of his time, namely, Noah. Mrs. Timothy Littleworth was, in every way, her husband's equal, not even excepting in size of body. In fact, Mr. Littleworth looked upon her as the most astonishing woman in the country. He would frequently say that Mrs. L.'s beauty was not alone comprised in her face and form ; but her intellect was equally gigantic and beautiful. Besides, she was born in France, and being a very distant relative to Napoleon, he felt that he was not going too far, when he acknowledged that he held her in divine admiration. She conversed in English quite as well as in French, and in Italian quite as well as either. In truth, she spoke all of the useful languages beautifully, giving the accent of each to perfection. And his daughters, too ; their mother had taught them the different languages. He was happy to say that they promised to equal, in every way, their more than talented parent. Mr. Littleworth had no less than seven daughters, averaging from two to sixteen years of age. Mr. L. left the warlike gentleman to amuse himself with the books and prints, while he hurried to the nursery to inform his precocious daughters, that a very great man was to dine there, and they must each try and improve by his example—they must watch him closely at table, and imitate all of his graces.

“Remember, my daughters,” he said, “remember, and be an ornament to your papa, and an honor to your mamma. You, Napoleana, be very proper; there’s no knowing what may grow out of a very small circumstance. It has always been your papa’s saying, my dears, that great events turn on remarkably small pivots. And you, Josephine, Maria Louisa, Austerlitziana, Lodina, Elbaena, and my sweet little Helena, you are to sit at the table with a nobleman! Just think of it! Do remember, and be very proper.”

“Oh yes, papa!”

“And remember, Napoleana, if he addresses you in French, answer the gentleman promptly and sweetly as possible, for, as your papa has said before, there’s no knowing what *may* grow out of a small circumstance.”

The daughter addressed replied “*we*, papa,” and “*we*, papa” passed from mouth to mouth, like the running of the upper octave of a flute, the last little note winding off with a very sharp screech. Ah! that was a proud time for Mr. Littleworth. “Captain,” said he, as he entered the parlor again, “I trust that you have been amused. Here are some of the first engravings of the age; but it is needless, however, that I should tell a gentleman of your taste such a thing. These are all English prints. There, sir, that is a likeness of George the Fourth, if you have never seen his likeness. Oh! I ask your pardon, you have seen it then, in London.

Large city that London ! I correspond with several of the greatest men of that metropolis. Here is a likeness of Scott—quite a clever man—English I mean. Oh ! ah ! you've seen that before. But here, sir, here—this picture—did you observe this ? It is a picture of Napoleon crossing the Alps, executed by David, pronounced Dah-vede in French. Yes, I presumed you knew the fact, but all do not ! Ah ! sir, I pray you think nothing of my weakness, excuse it—but I never look upon this picture of Bonaparte, on the island of St. Helena, without dropping a tear to his memory. You may think this weakness—yes, I knew you would—well, then, sir, for your sake I will not contemplate that picture at present. Here, sir, if you are fond of wit, here are the works of the greatest humorist of his age. There, take a seat, you can't understand them in a moment, they are so far in advance of the age ! They are generally political pieces, hits at the administration. You will not understand them—allow me to explain. Ah ! here on the first page we have the likeness of the artist himself, Christopher Scrapp, Esq. ; fine intellectual face that ; the small twinkling eye indicative of wit ; how expressive the nose is, turned slightly up, showing his sneering disposition to a charm. Were it not for the hair, sir, you would observe what a forehead he has. I advised Mr. Scrapp to have it shaved, a thing frequently done. He writes me in his last letter that he has followed

the suggestion, and thanks me for the advice. He is a wonderful man. By the way, I will give you his address ; mention my name, that will be sufficient. Observe that figure ; you do n't understand it, I presume not, but, sir, that picture produced an alarming excitement. It represents a figure standing on its head ; there are the two legs up in the air ; the feet are rather large, but that is a part of Mr. Scrapp's style, one of his peculiarities. The figure is allegorical ; it represents the present condition of the administration ; capital ! is n't it ? That book, sir, has done more for my cause in this town than you could imagine. Those spirited satires, sir, when I held them up to the people, and gave them the proper explanations, the effect was miraculous ; unlike other senseless satires, they were not laughed at. No ! there is too much truth, sir, and whenever I presented them, a solemn silence pervaded the spectators. I have the greatest admiration for the genius of my friend Scrapp. His illustrations of Mother Goose give general satisfaction among the smaller members of my family. Ah ! yes sir, I look upon this artist as one of the greatest benefactors of his age, if in nothing else than amusing *les enfans*."

In this manner did Mr. Timothy Littleworth entertain his distinguished visiter until the dinner-hour, when he conducted the captain into the dining-room, where was presented a formidable array of young Littleworths, each having her hair

done into two long stiff braids, tied over with any quantity of blue ribbon, arranged into very systematic bow-knots.

"Allow me to introduce my daughters. Miss Napoleana, Captain Cutlass; Josephine, Maria Louisa, Austerlitziana, Lodina, and these two are the youngest, Elbaena and Helena. Be seated, captain, there, if you please, opposite my eldest. Ah! here comes madam. Madam Littleworth, Captain Cutlass." Now the lady L. was enormously fat, and as she waddled into the room, her appearance was almost too much for the rigid risibilities of the warlike gentleman. She bowed, for who ever saw a fat woman courtesy? No one, I imagine—in fact, it would be hazardous.

"Bon apres—midi—Monsieur," said the lady, taking a seat next to her husband.

"I am vere mush glad to have ze pleasure, oui. You are in ze—ze—armee?" The captain bowed, and the young ladies bowed.

"You have been in ze battle, eh, Monsieur?" The warlike gentleman coughed, and replied that it was warm, oppressively so.

"Oui, oui,—you have been in oppressive warm battle! Vere you ever shot?"

"Hem! no, not exactly shot, that is, slightly wounded."

"Indeed! Where?"

"Ah! hem! it happened in a—a—vessel, madam—a sea engagement."

"Oh! possible? in ze blood vessel?"

"Oh! ah! yes, rather a bloody vessel, just at that time."

"But where is ze wound? Do let me see ze wound."

The captain was confused, and could make no reply for some time. At last he observed, that the wound could not be discerned very easily.

"My daughters!" whispered Mr. Littleworth, shaking his head and frowning forbiddingly, "hush!"

"The fact is, madam," continued the warlike gentleman—"The fact is, a confounded piece of lead came very abruptly just across my chin, and dislocated several individual members of my imperial; a very serious loss, I assure you."

"Ah! captain," continued Mrs. Littleworth, as she emptied a dish of chicken salad on her plate; "Come, captain, tell some more about ze war, just to amuse ze daughters, do."

"Oh, do, do, do!" cried two or three of the young Littleworths.

"My children, be silent!" said Mr. L., firmly. "Elbaena, my daughter, take that soup dish off of your head; papa will you send right away from the table. Helena, dear, take her fingers out of the butter-plate; she should n't do so, pet."

"A battle is a very dreadful thing," said the captain, wiping the moisture from his mustaches. "A very dreadful thing. You Americans know nothing of the horrors of war, nothing. I hope you will not. War is a dreadful thing."

"Oui — oui — so I tink, so I have tell my husband one, three, several times. He sall nevere go to war. Eh, mon cher?"

"Yes, frequently, my dear. Ah! she is very affectionate — always in this beautiful serene spirit of tenderness that you now behold her in. Oh, is n't it delightful?"

"Exceedingly."

"Napoleon was a vere great war-man, captain, eh?"

"Yes, clever."

"A vere great war-man, I say!"

"Circumstances, you know, did every thing for him."

"I do n't know ze man Circumstanz, but I nevere tink of Waterloo wizout saying, Mon Dieu —!"

"Oh, my dear," said Mr. L.

"Yes, you know, husband, ve bot hate dem Englishmen like ze —"

"Hush — sh — sh!"

"Vot for hush? Do n't tell me hush! I nevere was told hush! — I love my country, and hate ze English like, like —"

"Madam," said the captain, "I look upon Napoleon as the greatest curse that ever fell upon the world!"

"Sare, you are not gentleman!" screamed Mrs. Littleworth, coloring deeply up to the very edges of her wig, and as much farther as you may choose to imagine. "You are von grand coward!"

“Was it to be insulted, madam, that I permitted my person to grace your table?” exclaimed the warlike gentleman, rising.

“Grace my table! You are disgrace, sare!”

“I’ll not be insulted! Mr. Littleworth, you shall answer for this. We gentlemen of standing always go prepared to repel injury—remember that!” roared the captain.

“Mrs. Littleworth, Oh! Mrs. Littleworth, you will be my ruin!” exclaimed the trembling husband.

“Ha! such words to me!” screamed the lady at the top of her voice, “Ha! ha!” The three youngest Littleworths caught up the scream of the infuriated mother, and clenching their little fists, at arms’ length, and shutting their eyes very tight, prolonged it.

“I’ll do something dreadful, Mr. Littleworth! I’ll be the death of you!” cried the warlike gentleman, as he left the apartment. It was in vain that Mr. Littleworth followed him to the door, and implored his pardon; for the warlike gentleman was neither butter nor sugar, and therefore would not melt. When Mr. Littleworth returned to the room, he found the young ladies undergoing certain gymnastic exercises with their enraged mamma, not altogether pleasant, which performance being over, Mrs. Littleworth, with great determination, seated herself upon the table, unmindful of cracking plates and squashing contents, placed her arms akimbo, and, gazing around on her husband and progeny,

she felt, not for the first time either, that she was "monarch of all she surveyed ; her right there was none to dispute."

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## CHAPTER V.

The crowded streets are gay ;  
But with melancholy mood,  
Amid the thronging solitude  
The stranger wends his way.

THERE was a great bustle at the Half-way House ; the stage-coach had arrived, and was in readiness to start again. The inside passengers, as usual, were all impatience. Heads of various qualities of beauty, were continuously popping in and out, as though they were machines worked by so many wires. One fat old lady concluded at first that it was not worth while to get out of the coach, but when it was about to start, she thought she would get out ; but just then the horses started a few paces on, and the good lady was jolted back into a very nervous old gentleman's lap ; the old lady muttered something about some people occupying all the seat ; and did wish that somebody would see to her handbox, for she was sure it had dropt off, ever so many miles back on the road ; she did wish that the driver would look after it, he could n't help knowing it, for it was tied up with a blue checkered handkerchief, and contained her best bonnet, be-

side a bundle of water-crackers, and a half pound of good home-made cheese. But it was n't any use of talking, she knew that, and always knew it! Paul Redding had engaged a place on the outside of the coach by the driver, and when he was about mounting into his seat, Mynheer Speckuncrout very slyly slipped something into the young man's pocket, and, shaking him heartily by the hand, wished him success. The ruddy-cheeked coachman cracked his whip, and the horses started briskly off.

"Remember," cried the good-natured host, pointing to the sign, "when you come this way, remember der Half-way House!" The young man nodded his head, and would have replied verbally, but they were already far down the road. By five o'clock they were at the "Spread Eagle," by eight, they were crossing the Schuylkill bridge, and by nine, Paul was traversing the very regular streets of the Quaker city. He walked down Market street and up Chestnut, gazing, as all strangers are wont to do, at the curiosities in the shop-windows. At one time he stood before a jeweller's store, where were displayed more silver plate, gold watches, and queer, fantastic clocks, than he had ever dreamed of. Farther along was a bookstore, where were emblazoned immense placards, announcing the last new novel by Mr. Somebody, Esq.; Madame What's-her-name's works on political economy; Man as he is; Medicine in general and anatomy in particular. Mr. What-do-

ye-call-him's advice to the young; advice to married ladies, and directions for the nursery. Here was spread, to a crowd of ragged admiring urchins, the last great works of the renowned Christopher Scrapp, Esq.! "Here," thought Paul, "is to be seen one of those revolutions which that quaint old gentleman, Time, brings about. While Madame What's-her-name's works on political economy, &c., are emblazoned forth, old Adam Smith lies neglected on the shelves, enveloped in dust. Now Mr. What-do-ye-call-him has dropped the badges of manhood, turned the women out of the nursery, and dandles the children on his knee to the tune of 'high diddle diddle!'" "Well," continued Paul, "if this state of things prevails in the city, I shall fain wish myself back in the quiet simple country again, where at least the women nurse their own children, and the farmers pursue their occupation without female direction." The thought of the country suggested again to the young man the consciousness of his abject situation. "Here," said he, "I am in this large city, without friends and without money! Here industry and knavery flourish cheek by jowl. The frivolous and thoughtful, rich and poor, honest and dishonest, hurry along in one promiscuous crowd, *all*, perhaps, more comfortable than I. The most abandoned wretch may have one friend to speak kindly to him, and shield him for the night; the most ragged urchin in the street may have a kind-hearted mother who rejoices

at the return of her son, although he may come to eat the only remaining crust ! Heaven ! gracious heaven ! why am I an orphan ? I am here walled in with houses, I pass an almost interminable row of doors, yet all are closed to me ; and many a bed to-night will remain untouched, while I—but no more of that ; what right have I to expect any thing of strangers ? they know not me nor I them. If I sleep in the street, the watchmen will surely not murder me ; if I am robbed, the thief will not be much enriched nor I much impoverished.” Thus ruminated Paul, as he stepped into a small restaurateur. Among the promiscuous assemblage of persons regaling themselves on various articles of food and liquor, two persons in particular attracted his attention. One was a little shrivelled-up Quaker ; and the other was a short, robust, ill-looking individual, with very jagged features ; an iron hook, that was appended to his elbow, did service in the place of his right hand ; and with that he toyed carelessly with the different articles before him, on the table, the use of the hook seeming to have become a second nature. Paul gazed at the man a moment, and a shudder ran over him, for he felt that he had seen that ugly countenance before ; but where, he could not at that moment recollect. When a plate of oysters was set before the two men, the little Quaker rolled his eyes up to the ceiling and looked very devout, then turning them down again, he gazed around on the company, as

if to take them to witness that he was a pious man and thankful for the smallest favors !

Paul took a seat and looked over the morning news. His eye met the lists of "wants," and feeling in his pocket for a scrap of paper to note down the number of two or three of what seemed to be desirable places, he found a queer wad stowed away in one corner, and carefully opening it, discovered, much to his astonishment, the self-same money that he had paid to the host of the Half-way House. Paul was at first delighted, and then mortified, that he had been an object of charity ; yet he was grateful, for he felt how disinterested were the motives of the benevolent giver. "This," thought Paul, "this, will I remember, that the most needy stand not always with open mouths. The ice-bound stream is noiseless ; but the greedy brooks, the more they are filled the more they cry aloud." Our hero was about rising from his seat, when a gentleman, who was handling pencil and paper on the opposite side of the room, begged him to sit still, if it was but for a moment. "I have something of interest to communicate to you presently," said the stranger, and in a few moments he seated himself beside the astonished youth. "I have been making a sketch of you. I hope you will take no offence, none intended, I assure you ; but as you sat here with that bundle, your appearance struck me as exceedingly picturesque. Here is the sketch, very hastily done, yet there 's character in it, eh ? "

Paul was evidently not pleased at first, but when he examined the picture he saw nothing there that might not have been drawn from any one else in the establishment, and feeling assured that no one could ever imagine him as the original, he replied that he was quite happy if he had been of any service to the artist. "Of service!" reiterated the stranger, talking through his nose. "You have been of vast service. I have been for the last fortnight on the lookout for you; yes, sir, for you; I saw you in my mind's eye. A place like this is the best in the world for characters. I visit here nightly, not to eat or drink, as my enemies have insinuated, but to make sketches. Hogarth was in the habit of doing the same; he used to draw figures upon his thumb-nail. The smallness of the space must have cramped his genius. I have tried it, but I make so many drawings in an evening that I found it impossible to follow the example of that great man. This sketch, I will tell you in perfect confidence, is to illustrate a *book*: yes, sir, a book. You have heard of Inkleton, the poet? never heard of Ichabod Inkleton, the poet! You amaze me! Well, you see he is now engaged on a great work; he undertook it by my advice; and that great work I am illustrating. It will make a tremendous sensation, you may depend. The book will be in six volumes, entitled 'A travesty on John Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, by Ichabod Inkleton, with illustrations by Christopher Scrapp, Esq.' Now, sir,

you will understand why I drew this figure. Do you observe that short, fat gentleman sitting at yonder table ? ” “ The one with the very red nose ? ” said Paul. “ Well, yes, his nose is *rather* red ; you understand who I mean — that interesting-looking individual, with the broad collar thrown open.” “ Oh yes, I see,” replied Paul, “ the man with sore eyes who is stirring his liquor with his finger.” “ I say, my boy, pass my friend Inkleton a spoon. Well, my young friend, that gentleman as you understand, is the poet ; yes, sir, the first poet of our country. I shall do you the honor of an introduction. You will find his conversation not only instructive but amusing. His thoughts are always beautiful, and his language is always poetry. He frequently couches his observations in verse ; you would be delighted to hear him at such times. I thought that there was something of the vein about him this evening ; you may be fortunate enough to hear him. Mr. Inkleton is always delighted to make the acquaintance of any one whom I recommend to him, because he feels and knows that he owes much, if not all of his great popularity, to my influence. Come, we will approach him. Inky, my friend, here is a young man, the original of this sketch ; permit him to linger in the same air which your greatness breathes.” “ My dear Scrapp, let me embrace you,” said Mr. Inkleton, attempting to rise, which act Mr. S. prevented, and embraced him where he sat. “ My dear Scrapp,” continued

the poet — and he shook hands with Paul over the artist's back — “ my dear Scrapp, 't is thus I fain would clasp your friend, your wife, or daughter ; hand me a glass, my boy, of gin, without the water. Forgive me, Scrapp, you know my love is quite Platonic. But let that pass, and take a glass of inspiration, called Byronic. Join us, young man, and — and — ” “ I never drink,” answered Paul. “ He is modest,” said Mr. Scrapp, “ and never drinks, I presume, unless he is permitted to call on the liquor himself.” “ I drink nothing intoxicating, sir, under any circumstances,” replied the young man, coloring. “ I wish to know, Mr. Scrapp, if I understood you rightly ; you introduced this young man as a *friend* of yours ? ” “ No, sir, not as friend, but as the original of this sketch.” “ Ah, yes, that explains it ; otherwise, young man, that last observation of yours would have been mysterious — fact ; I assure you, I am serious.” “ The evening is far advanced,” said Paul. “ Accept my thanks for your attentions ; good night, gentlemen.” “ Good night,” said Inkleton, “ we 'll excuse you, nor lose much neither when we lose you.” Our hero took lodging for the night at the sign of the “ Bull's Head,” a quiet inn, situated in Strawberry alley. He had there, he thought, a bed very much more agreeable than he could possibly bring himself to think could be found in the softest stall in the whole market-house.

## CHAPTER VI.

The eagle and the hawk may strive  
Amid the upper air ;  
But wherefore, tell me, wherefore should  
The tender dove be there ?

ON the evening of the following day, in an old building, situated at the corner of Strawberry and Trotter's alleys, there sat two of our principal characters ; one at least worthy of considerable attention, as he proved to be no other than the mysterious personage, that has already been described as Fiery Fitful, so called. He was seated at a little square table, over which he leaned with his brow resting on his hand ; his face was more pale and haggard than it had yet appeared ; his eyes were deep sunken, but had lost none of the lustre of their piercing blackness ; and he only raised them at intervals to gaze at his companion, but his look was that of one who carried a broken heart, and as he turned his eyes away, the language of inward agony was given in a deep sigh — a sigh near akin to a groan. Could we at all times comprehend the burden of a sigh, what mysteries would be unfolded, what sad thoughts, what heart-rending sorrow, what awful deeds, appealing to our sympathies, our tears, and our prayers ! But no ; the heart is a strange book, only intelligible to the wakeful eye of the spirit, that hidden priest who ever chants the psalms of joy or sorrow in the sanctuary of the breast. At

times, however, some response of that chant rises to the lips, like the distant sound of an organ peal, conveying the feeling though in a mysterious language ; and the features answer to its changes, as the stream gives back the clear sky, or the rumbling thunder-cloud.

Heaven alone heard the slow, solemn, and sorrowful psalm of the poor spirit that ministered in the breast of Fitful's companion. A pale female, the remnant of a once beautiful woman, but now prematurely shadowed with the veil of age, sat on the opposite side of the small room. She was dressed in one of those old-fashioned drab cloaks, the plain hood answering the place of a bonnet. Her hair that had once been of a flaxen color touched with gold, was now sadly mixed with gray, and hung carelessly over her brow and temples. Her hands were clasped listlessly together on her lap, and as she leant forward her pale blue eyes gazed vacantly on the walls, and her whole face was so entirely blank, you could not but think that some blighting sorrow had chilled the senses, and thus swept every vestige of expression from her countenance. Such, indeed, had been her sorrow, and such the result.

“ Poor woman ! ” thought Fitful, as he heaved a bitter sigh, “ poor woman, God knows what she has suffered ! Of what a lovely thing is she the wreck ! O, it drives me mad to think of it — could she but wake up from that horrible lethargy, if it were but

for the space of an hour, that I might tell her of the fires that are consuming me, and would bear it all, how calmly. But now, it is as though I had cursed my mother and she had died, while yet the words were in the air, leaving me unforgiven, with the unnatural crime forever recoiling upon my own head. Nothing in man's great book of calamities could be more terrible, except what I now see before me! But I must speak to her — Mary, — Mary, I say — ” “Did you speak?” said the poor woman, turning upon Fitful the same expressionless face. “Yes, Mary, I was about to tell you that the boy has arrived in the city.”

“I had a boy once,” replied she. “I remember him yet.” Ah, yes, what force of circumstances ever compelled a mother to forget her child? Through the heaviest mist that wraps the dulled senses, or the blackest clouds of adversity, the mother's remembrance of her child come star-like; yes, amid all this,

“A mother is a mother still,  
The holiest thing alive.”

“But I was agoing to tell you,” resumed the man, “I was agoing to tell you, that Paul is in town.”

“Paul, — Paul,” — said she, slowly, “yes, I like that name — my father's name was Paul; he was an old man; his hair was quite white — very like my own — yes, I think sometimes, that I look like him — look as he did when he was dead — very

pale ; but I did n't see him then — no, no, I did n't see him then."

"Gracious heaven!" groaned Fitful, covering his face in his hands; at last he started, as if impelled by some irresistible power, and gazing wildly around, he was about to give vent to words that seemed struggling for utterance, when a slight knocking was heard at the door; Fitful in a moment recoiled within himself, and assumed his usual composure, if, indeed, at any time he might be said to be composed. The manner in which a person demands entrance by the common mode of rapping on the door with the knuckle or any similar instrument, is as good an index perhaps to the character of an individual as almost any of their other external actions; not only may you judge of their usual peculiarities, but more especially of the present mood by which they are actuated. Such was the case in the present instance. Fitful involuntarily contracted his brows and gazed for a moment angrily towards the door, his fierce black eyes seemed to penetrate the panels, and to survey the stranger with an unwelcome look of recognition. The sly, crafty knock, if such an epithet may be applied to a sound, was repeated, and the person was admitted. Nathaniel Munson, (for such was the name of the intruder,) was a little shrivelled-up old man, dressed in Quaker garb; his very small gray eyes twinkled very sharply from beneath jagged eyebrows, and his thin Roman nose came

into close proximity with his peaked chin, which was half buried in the thick loose folds of his white neck handkerchief, the latter being the only article about him that wore the appearance of amplitude or freedom.

"How does thee do, John?" exclaimed the Quaker, rubbing his hard, bony hands together, as if he enjoyed the feeling, since he knew that the sharp knuckles and lank fingers betrayed no very great extravagance in his mode of living. "Ah," thought he, as he hid a malicious grin by burying his face deep in his neck-cloth, and gazed toward the woman who was scarcely yet conscious of his presence, "Ah, ha! she is here, eh! perhaps with some complaint of ill usage, or something of that sort, eh? Well, well, we'll stop this communication one of these days." His thoughts, however, were not deep enough to be concealed from the searching gaze of Fitful, who read the Quaker's mind in his countenance as easily as though it had been a book. Munson quailed beneath the fiery indignation of Fitful's eye, while the latter led the woman to the door, and giving her to understand that they must part for the present, bade her good night. "Now, sir," said he, turning to the old man, who had betaken himself to a seat, "Now, sir, may I be informed as to what circumstances I am indebted for the honor of this call?"

"Law, bless me, John," said the Quaker, smiling sarcastically, "Law, thee is so polite!"

"Well, then," answered the other, "to be less polite and more to the purpose, what in the devil's name brings your hideous skeleton here, to-night?"

Here Nathaniel Munson dropped his face deeper than before into his neck-cloth, and gave vent to a half-smothered "he, he." "You well know," continued Fitful, "that I had rather see the foulest ghost that ever troubled the perpetrator of the blackest crime that man or demon could commit, than stand for a moment in your loathsome presence!" The Quaker made no other reply to this speech than a mere nervous working of his fingers, as if he were, in imagination, strangling some hateful enemy.

"Like an evil vine, you wove your wily schemes about me until my whole existence was poisoned by them; and now you come to glut your odious eyes upon me, blasted as I am in the very prime of manhood!"

"It was your own willing act," at last answered Munson, emphatically, dropping the personal pronoun "thee" for another more broad and expressive; "you did it, and I have kept your secret."

"Yes, you have kept the secret, and wisely, since you know that the scaffold which the law would build for me would be sufficiently ample to accommodate two of us."

"No, no, not *my* throat," said the old man, as he adjusted the handkerchief about his neck, "not mine."

Fitful smiled contemptuously, and seating himself opposite to the Quaker, requested, very mildly, that Nathaniel Munson would make known his business without further delay ; or, if his business was of no particular importance, to at once take his leave, and in future be careful and not cross his (Fitful's) path too often.

"O, yes, I'll take care of that," replied Munson, striving to appear very good-natured ; and added, again going back to the Quaker mode of expression, which he invariably used when he engaged in any dissimulation, "Thee seems somewhat vexed, John ; I trust thee is not angry with me ?"

"Your business, I say, again," answered Fitful, impatiently.

"Very well, we will to business, then, if thee will have it so," replied the old man. "Thee knows that thy strange behavior hath drawn many eyes toward thee ; many inquiries and unpleasant conjectures are bandied from mouth to mouth even now through the city ; thee knows this, eh ?"

"Well — well — go on."

"Thee knows," continued Munson, "that should any clue be got to a certain transaction, thee knows what foul disgrace would forever stigmatize certain innocent persons nearly connected with thee, eh ?"

"Yes, yes," answered Fitful, "and I know, too, that in that case certain persons who are not quite so innocent would be placed in rather an unpleasant situation ; but go on."

"Therefore it is desirous," pursued the Quaker,

“that thy appearance here should no longer awake the suspicions of these curious people.”

“And therefore it is desirous,” answered the other, sneeringly, “that I should go and drown myself.”

“O, no, by no means; thee mistakes my friendship,” replied Munson, while a fiendish expression of cunning played over his features. “Thee knows, or ought to know, that I have always been a friend to thee and thine.”

“Cease your hypocritical jargon,” said Fitful, angrily, “but proceed with your business.”

“What I am about to propose,” continued the other, “will in no way compromise thy own safety or peace of mind, but rather add to it, and especially secure the quietude of those so nearly connected with thee; those whom thee cares most for, I mean,” added he, as he saw a scowl gathering over the face of his companion.

“A vessel of mine is in port, and will sail again in three or four weeks, to make a voyage of a few months; now I thought, perhaps, that thee might like to take a trip in her, and, by so doing, thee would be enabled to see new scenes in other countries that would brighten thee up and make a new man of thee, eh?”

“I’ll think of it,” answered Fitful, musingly; “and, in the meantime, I desire to be left alone, that is if you have finished your business; therefore leave — no, stay; I forgot to say to you what I know will give you great pleasure to hear — the

boy Paul is in town." As Fitful said this, Munson started as though he had suddenly encountered a ghost; and then he contracted his brows heavily, thrust his chin very deep into his neckcloth, and stood gazing thoughtfully at the floor. At last he murmured, half inaudibly, "He, then, is the first incumbrance to be got rid of."

"What are you muttering about?" exclaimed Fitful.

"O, I was just thinking what employment we could give him; we must do something for him, thee knows."

"Well, sir," said the other, waving his hand for Munson to leave, "I will send the boy to you, to-morrow, since you are so solicituous about his welfare. So, now that is settled for the present, go!" As he said this, the door closed heavily at the back of Nathaniel Munson, who pursued his way moodily to his own dwelling.

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## CHAPTER VII.

"The departed! the departed!  
They visit us in dreams,  
And they glide above our memories,  
Like shadows over streams."

PARK BENJAMIN.

THE reader may imagine Paul Redding being seated in the comfortable old-fashioned bar-room of the "Bull's Head." There are coats and hats of

every shape and quality decorating the walls ; here is the broad-brimmed, furless hat of the Quaker ; there the long whip and weather-beaten overcoat of the wagoner. All of these bespeak the character of the house, which is a sort of country inn, for the accommodation of the good, homely-minded market people, who make a weekly, monthly, or half-yearly tour to the city with their produce, from the rich old counties of Lancaster and Chester. Many years ago, when but a child, we well remember with what admiration, nay, almost awe, we then gazed at the bull's head on the swinging sign-board ; the mad eye, the foam dropping from the mouth, seemed to be the highest reach of art ; and the chain around his neck appeared to be a very necessary appendage. But we must return to the youth. The reader may now imagine what was Paul's surprise to encounter the same strange person, that but a day or two since, he had first met in the neighborhood of an obscure village, some thirty miles back in the country. The stranger's air was now less terrific, his eyes less wild, and his dress less peculiar, not to say fantastic ; but his face bore still that same haggard hue, and there was something yet sufficiently strange in his manner to make him attract the attention of most persons, and elicit queer conjectures from the more curious. Fitful was keenly sensible of this. The glance of every eye annoyed him, and he interpreted every whisper to be some surmise or un-

pleasant suggestion of which he was the subject. Therefore he gave Paul to understand, that he was not altogether what he seemed, and persuaded the young man to accompany him to his own private lodgings. And Paul, actuated somewhat by curiosity, and, perhaps, from a sense of his own loneliness, but more from a deep sympathy for the mysterious man, at last consented ; and the two strangers, followed by the inquiring gaze of twenty eyes, glided out, and were soon lost amid the darkness of the street. They entered a narrow alleyway, and passing through the back room of an old building, Fitful led the way cautiously up a dark flight of stairs into the little apartment mentioned in the last chapter. On one side there were two windows that were tightly fastened up with old-fashioned board shutters ; in one corner of the room was situated a small bed, and opposite to that was the little fire-place, mounted with an old black mantle-piece, over which hung two antique-looking pistols, well coated with rust ; and between these stood a small quaintly-figured dingy clock, that ticked so slow and mournfully, that you might have imagined it was complaining over the loss of its better and brighter days. On the base of the clock, which was of brass, these mysterious lines were dimly carved, or rather scratched :

“A pendulum bright is the heart of a youth,  
That ever goes merrily on,  
Till crime clings unto it, then horrible ruth  
Like rust gnaws away, with unsatisfied tooth,  
Nor stops when its brightness is gone.”

The appearance of the place impressed Paul with an irresistible feeling of awe, and served in no way to solve the mystery, that hung around the stranger; but notwithstanding all this, the young man's curiosity was still more excited, and, assuming an air of confidence, he accepted the proffered chair, while Fitful drew up another and seated himself familiarly by his side.

"I was somewhat surprised to find you in the city," said he.

"Yes, I was almost surprised at it myself," answered Paul; "but I arrived here last evening, in hopes of finding some situation where I might better my fortune; for I have had rather a hard lot of it since being left an orphan, when a mere child."

"An orphan," sighed Fitful; "poor boy!"

"An orphan is to be pitied, to be sure," replied the young man, coloring slightly, "but not so much pitied while he has health and strength, and hands to work with."

"Yes, yes," answered the other, "the energy of a determined, youthful, innocent mind—mark me, I say a pure mind—can easily surmount every barrier that misfortune may throw in its way."

"I think that I have energy enough, if I may be allowed to say so much in my own favor," answered Paul.

"And a pure mind to back it, I have no doubt," said Fitful.

"But," continued he, changing the subject, "if I

was surprised to see you here, I may readily guess that you were equally so to encounter me ; that is, if you recognise me again." Paul answered that it was not an easy thing to forget so soon, the face that he had seen under such peculiar circumstances, at the village inn but a short time before.

"Ah yes, indeed !" sighed Fitful, "that was a dreadful black night—a most horrible night, Paul !"

"It was, indeed !" answered the young man.

"I would tell you something of it," continued Fitful, casting a sly glance over his shoulder, "for it relieves my mind, and drives away those dreadful fancies, when I can talk with some friend familiarly about them. But no, no, it would frighten you, Paul, terrify you, if you could see, for one moment, those hideous creatures at my shoulder. I'll not talk of them !" And the poor man passed his hands nervously over his brow and head, as if to repel the rising recollection.

"I pray you," said Paul, "if it affords you but a moment's ease of mind, I pray you, speak on."

Fitful gazed cautiously around the room, and remarked again in an undertone, "Oh, what a fearful night that was, Paul, was n't it ?"

"Very !" replied the young man, shuddering at the recollection.

"How it stormed !" continued the other, "were you not frightened at my sudden appearance ?"

"I was somewhat surprised," said Paul mechan-

ically, striving to avoid giving a pang to the feelings of the poor man.

“Yes, you were surprised ! and very reasonably thought me mad, no doubt.”

“Indeed, sir, —”

“Make no apology, Paul,” interrupted the other, “make no apology ; you could n’t have thought me more mad than I really was ; — yes, it was a burning fit of the direst madness. But tell me, Paul, what did I talk about ? ”

“Indeed, I can hardly recollect,” replied the youth, “but you complained somewhat about evil spirits that haunted you.”

“Was that all ? ” said Fitful, again cautiously looking over his shoulder. “Did n’t I speak any thing of *him* : I mean of an old man, eh ? ” And he gazed wildly in Paul’s face, as the young man, rather hesitatingly, replied, “yes.”

“What was it, Paul ? what was it ? ” and he grasped the young man tightly by the arm.

“You said something of an old man that stood looking over your shoulder, I believe.”

“Was that all ? — all ? ” asked Fitful, eagerly.

“Yes, all that I can remember,” replied Paul.

The poor man laughed hysterically for a moment, but suddenly settled down into a gloomy, thoughtful mood. At last he said in a low and melancholy voice, “There are dangerous things that assail us when our backs are turned — evils that meet us face to face we can manfully combat ; but slander

and the tiptoe assassin at our backs, are more to be feared than a legion of foes standing before us. I could boldly meet and grapple with flesh and blood like myself ; but my greatest and nearest enemy is not tangible ; it is here — here — ” (he pressed his finger on his forehead, as he spoke.) “ Yes, Paul, it is here. Imagination makes such cowards of us all, that we fear the immaterial shadow which the mind projects much more than the material. Would it were not so. I would not have you think, Paul, that I am usually the miserable thing that you saw me a few evenings since. No ! that was one of my worst fits. How the evil fiends haunted me that night ! I strayed off to the woods and hills ; but still I was haunted. Every sound became terrible ! It seemed as though the heavens thundered only to speak of me ; the watch-dogs at the farm-houses, far and near, seemed only to howl and bark, because I was prowling through the woods like a thief. Each rustling leaf whispered something of the thing I least wished to hear. Every branch that broke beneath my footstep gave vent to a horrible tell-tale voice. As I sat trembling on the ledges of rocks, I dared not to lift my eyes upward, lest I should behold a ghastly demon looking down into my face. The boughs, that swayed back and forth in the storm, seemed to be long arms and hands, that strove to grasp me. The trees appeared to take fiendish shapes, and to link their long, lank fingers together ; they nodded their

heads, jeering at me as they danced around, and their ragged beards floated wildly on the wind. The solitude was more populous than the habitations of man, and I fled from it ; yes, Paul, from such terrors as these was I striving to escape when I rushed so wildly in the bar-room of the village inn. Oh, Paul, Paul, as you cherish hopes for the bright things of earth, and the brighter things of heaven, never, never, let your passions direct your hand or tongue to do aught that shall sow the nettle-seeds of remorse in the fair bed of conscience ! ” Fitful’s descriptions of these fantasies were not without their effect upon the nerves of the youth ; nor was the strange man so lost amid the recollections of his past terrors as to escape observing this ; but on the contrary, he found it prudent to conceal as much as possible the workings of his own imagination, and change the conversation to some topic of a less exciting nature.

“ We will talk no more of these things,” said Fitful, striving to appear as calm as possible. “ And now that I think of it,” continued he, “ what do you propose doing in this great city ? ”

“ Indeed, I have not the faintest idea,” replied Paul.

“ You will excuse the liberty, my young friend,” said Fitful, “ but I judge, as a matter of course, that the purse of a youth, who is seeking his fortune, is not over-full, and I suppose that you would like some employment immediately, if you could procure it ? ”

"You speak truly," answered Paul, unhesitatingly; "I should be glad of any situation that would give me an honest living."

"I think," said Fitful, "that I can help you to a place that may suit you for the present, until you find some employment that will be more agreeable to your inclination."

"I would regard it as a great favor," replied the young man.

"There are those," continued the other, as a scowl gathered on his brow, "there are those who are under obligations to me, that perhaps would be glad of your services."

"I wish it may prove so," answered Paul.

"Prove so!" reiterated Fitful, with an angry stare; "prove so! I tell you, Paul, they dare not refuse me!—that is," continued he, suddenly checking his vehemence, "I think they will not—I am quite certain they will not; or, if they do, no matter, you can call to-morrow morning and ascertain for yourself. In the mean time, allow me to ask what are your plans for to-night?"

"How do you mean?" said Paul.

"What I mean, is this: do you stop at the tavern, to-night?"

"I see no other alternative," said Paul, hesitatingly; "but to be plain with you, I have been driven to my wit's end to know what I should do in my present case. I was in hopes that one day's search would procure me some employment; but I have

been sorely disappointed ; and to tell you the truth, I have not the means to pay for my lodging at the inn, should I go there." As Paul stammered out this, Fitful's face relaxed almost to a smile, as near indeed as he ever came to smiling in his calmer moments ; and he said, "I am almost selfish enough to be glad of it !"

"Indeed !" answered Paul, good-naturedly, "why so ?"

"Because I may have the pleasure of providing for you to-night ; my only regret is," as he spoke he cast a sad look around the room, "my only regret is, that I have no better accommodations to afford you."

"Were that all," answered the other, "you need give yourself no uneasiness on that score."

"That is all," replied Fitful, "and believe me, Paul, nothing now could give me greater happiness than to do you a service."

"Thank you," said the youth, with heart-felt gratitude ; "I am exceedingly obliged to you, and I would accept your kind offer, were it not but for one thing."

"What is that, pray ?"

"You will excuse me for saying so ; but if that is your bed, as I suppose it is, it seems to be hardly large enough to accommodate two of us."

"Do n't trouble yourself about that, Paul," said Fitful, with a sigh ; "if there is bed enough for you, that is all that is necessary. I never lie down at night — never sleep unless it be in the broad

daylight, for reasons that you may one day know ; as it is, for the present—no matter ; there is your bed, when you are ready betake yourself to it, and do n't mind me." The strange man's manner was so decisive, that Paul deemed it prudent to make no farther remonstrance, but thanked him and talked of other matters. Such was the young man's confidence in his mysterious friend, that at an early hour he made no hesitation to retire to rest ; and notwithstanding the strangeness of his companion, or the singular appearance of the apartment, without entertaining the slightest scruples, he permitted himself to fall into that state of half-unconsciousness, when the mind takes no cognizance of outward things, but wanders almost as free as the disembodied spirit, mingling in scenes, and calling up incidents that otherwise seemed buried in oblivion. In such a state it would seem that the claims of mortality were, for the time, cast off, and the soul was permitted to wander, for awhile, in that fair country, where the past and the future are spread, like pleasant fields, on either side of the present. In the one, the spirit becomes a child again, and rambles by familiar brooks and trees, while flowers, birds, and butterflies, welcome it as their natural playmate. In the other, it walks amid poetic structures, through gorgeous temples, where

" — Music is the breath of thought, and flows  
Like gold and silver light throughout all space —  
Where buds and flowers are but the gems of love  
And truth, a record of all holy things,  
The language of the soul ! "

And who may say that such are not the realities of the land of spirits?

From some cause or other, perhaps stung by some cruel change in his dream, Paul suddenly awoke; and casting his gaze to the opposite corner of the room, he beheld Fitful sitting at a small table, bending very intently over some manuscripts, in which he seemed ever and anon to be making corrections. The rattling of the straw mattress, as the young man changed his position, betrayed the movement to his strange companion, who, as if caught in some criminal act, grasped the papers hurriedly together, and thrust them into his bosom. Then taking up the half-filled lamp, he approached the bed, but seeing that Paul's eyes were closed, he returned to the table, and again busied himself with the papers. A second time did the youth fall into that state of half-unconsciousness. A motley dream of consistencies and inconsistencies now took possession of his brain. At one time he thought that his mother stood weeping over him, and he had no power to speak to her—how young and beautiful she looked! Yes, as beautiful and young as when he, a fair-haired, happy child, ran laughing to his fair-haired, happy mother. But soon there came a melancholy scene, where his father appeared, a tall, dark-browed man, who smoothed the hair from the forehead of his son, and whispered in his ear, “farewell!”

Again Paul started from his sleep, and he beheld

Fitful standing over him, gazing in his face, and smoothing aside the hair from the young man's brow, as his father had done in the dream.

"I was only looking to see if you slept well," said Fitful, and he turned away.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

"With lips depressed as he were meek,  
Himself unto himself he sold :  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Quiet, dispassionate, and cold,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
With chiseled features, clear and sleek."

TENNYSON.

ON the following morning, our young hero sallied forth to seek his fortune ; but, first of all, by the advice and directions of Fitful, to seek the residence of Nathaniel Munson. He traversed street after street, like all strangers, taking the most circuitous route to find a place to which the simplest straight forward course would have led him. He had arrived, however, almost to his place of destination, when he suddenly stumbled against his friend, Mr. Christopher Scrapp, the caricaturist. "Halloa!" said that gentleman, with a stare of recognition, "you are a more perfect picture than ever! Come, step into my studio a moment; you shall have the privilege of examining my productions, free of expense, unless, sir, (and as I look at you again, you have an eye to appreciate the fine

arts,) you may be inclined to become the possessor of something in my line."

Paul followed the artist, and they entered a dark little room on the third floor of a very old, rusty building. The sanctum where Mr. Scrapp gave birth to his immense ideas, was a remarkably sombre place, the light being only admitted through a small oval aperture; and the air was strongly scented with that pleasantest of all perfumes, the stale smoke of a cigar. Around the walls hung the productions of the renowned caricaturist. Here was a figure, almost as tall as the spade he held, standing in a pair of immense shoes; the artist informed Paul that that picture was symbolical of the true friends of their country, who, with their great understandings, were about to dig the grave of the administration. Paul suggested that he supposed the adjoining sketch, a very squat figure, represented as standing on his head, was symbolical of the rise of great understandings. "No," said the artist; "I thought you would recognise that; not to know that celebrated satire, sir, argues yourself—hem—of course it does! That picture has struck terror into the opposite party; yes, sir, they grew pale with horror! It was quite terrible, I assure you. The president offered me one of the best offices in his control, if I would only consent to withhold those withering productions, in future, from the public. But, no, sir, I am not to be bought; no, sir, I am true, true. I feel it here,

here in my heart, that I am true,—not to be bought.” Here Mr. Scrapp knocked at his breast several times, as if he would have his heart speak for itself, and establish its truth beyond the shadow of a doubt; but the knocking only called up a cough, and Mr. Scrapp changed the subject.

“Here are the productions of my pupils; but none of them, you will observe, equal mine in grace of outline, or beauty of execution. One man only out of a hundred—yes, I might say out of a thousand—has the capabilities to become an artist. I flatter myself that *I* happen to be that lucky one! Still, it is necessary for any man to study the art, very necessary! My system of teaching is very remarkable; it is simple, expeditious, yet complete. You would be surprised to see with what facility my instructions are given; perspective, architecture, and the human figure are all taught at one lesson! The young gentleman or lady, as the case may be—I prefer the latter—sits down and takes a pencil. I take his or her hand in mine; and, without the least premeditation, make a spot in the middle of the paper, thus; that is the point of sight; now I draw two lines from the spot to the left corner, then two to the right, thus; at this corner I make, with a few hasty touches, a house, and there, in the distance, another—a very small house—thus; here I draw the figure of a man—the man is a little too tall—add another story to the house, thus; that makes it! There, sir, is a composition com-

prising all the elements of art, and executed without the least premeditation! By this time, the pupil is master of perspective, architecture, and the human figure. Astonishing, is n't it?"

"Very!" replied Paul.

"Peculiar?"

"Quite so."

"And original!"

"Undoubtedly!"

"Permit me to examine your head. Perceptive organs, immense; constructiveness, large; destructiveness, very large; mirthfulness, full; color, ditto! Young man, you are an artist by nature! fact, I assure you! Put yourself under my direction, and you may yet astonish the world." Paul thanked Mr. Scrapp for his good opinion, and observed, that if he could find sufficient leisure from other employments, hereafter, nothing would give him greater delight than to pursue the study of art. "If I succeed," said the young man, "in my present mission to a gentleman that I am in search of, perhaps I may call on you again. Can you tell me where I may find the establishment of Nathaniel Munson?"

"Old stingy Nat, I think you mean? O, yes, he keeps just below here. Drop into the meanest-looking shop that you can find; you can't mistake the place."

"Thank you, sir," said Paul, as he took his leave, not a little damped in his hopes, and bent his

steps to the place before mentioned. He found, somewhat to his surprise, that Nathaniel Munson was the same little shrivelled-up Quaker that had attracted his attention, a few evenings before, in the restaurateur. Paul handed him a note from Fitful, and the old man, without taking any particular notice of the youth, opened it, and glancing hastily over the contents, ejaculated, in a dissatisfied tone, "Humph, boy, art thou a great eater?" and he peered with his mean little gray eyes very sharply at the youth, as he waited for an answer.

"Indeed, sir, I cannot answer that question," replied Paul, with a smile, "for I am ignorant of what your ideas of a great eater are."

"How many meals does thee require per day? how many?"

"Three, usually," was the decisive answer.

"Three! what extravagance! two are plenty, young man; and remember, the short days are coming on; breakfast and supper will be quite sufficient. Let me see — lodging, too! Does thee not think that asking too much?"

"No, sir!" said Paul, very emphatically.

"Very well; what is thy Christian name?"

"Paul, sir."

"Hem — a very good scripture name, that; no doubt thee is honest. John, show this young man his duty. There, get thee to work, boy; I shall love thee, if thee is honest and industrious."

From the expression of Mr. Munson's face, just

at that moment, you might have imagined that he loved the boy already very much ! and would, in future, take care that the youth was provided for !

“ So, so, Mr. Paul,” exclaimed the before-mentioned John, “ old Broad-Brim has found somebody to come to his terms at last, has he ? Well, I’m blessed glad o’ that ! But how on ’arth *did* you strike a bargain with the old parchment ? ”

“ Why ? ” asked Paul, affecting some surprise.

“ Why ! Lord bless you, you don’t know the old ’un, then ! I tell you what, my friend, that old skin-flint used to belong to a society called the ‘ Penny Catcher Tight Grip Club.’ The leanest, meanest member was always entitled to the chair ; of course, old Munson always had it. But now — and he grows very melancholy and lonely, sometimes, to think of it — he is the only surviving member ; all the others died of starvation ; but bless you, they hadn’t such constitutions as our old man’s got — there aint no die to him — he’s too mean to pay the debt o’ natur. What ! old Split-fip ever die ? No, no ! he’ll dwindle down to a shadow, a very small, mean shadow, and then slip into some rich gentleman’s coffin, and enjoy the luxury of a handsome burial, all at somebody else’s expense !

“ But I reckon you haint seen little Edith, yet ? of course not. Well, to my thinking, there aint a girl in town a touch to Edith Munson. Her hair is light, her eyes blue ; not a bright sky blue, nor

dark blue, but a kind o' twilight blue. They do'n't bore right through one, as some eyes do, making one wish they were dead, but they kind o' melt right in so tenderly, that it makes a fellow feel so happy he wants to kiss all creation. That's what I calls being in love."

When Paul repaired to the residence of Nathaniel Munson, that evening, he was conducted, by the above-mentioned Edith, (who, in every particular, fully came up to the glowing description that John had given of her,) into a little room, which, although meanly furnished, was extremely neat and clean. The young man observed that preparations had been made to receive him to tea, and he was not displeased with the appearance which things presented.

"Take a seat, if you please, sir. Father did not tell me that you were coming, until a few moments since, or perhaps we might have been a little better prepared," said the maiden, as she hurried away to bring in the tea. "Well," thought Paul, "this is not so bad as I had anticipated."

"I see," said the same sweet voice of little Edith, as she filled the young man's cup, "I see that your attention is attracted by the strange appearance of that poor woman who stands gazing in at the window. You will please not to be astonished at any thing which she may do. Poor creature! she has had a deal of trouble; has been deranged for many years, but is entirely harmless.

We call her 'good Mary.' She has a kind heart, poor thing, notwithstanding that she acts somewhat strangely at times ; but you will soon get used to that, and not mind her. She has lived with us ever since my own mother died. Indeed, I believe I should play the child and weep, if Mary should leave us. She has always been so very kind to me, that I think I love her quite as well as I could my own mother."

"Ah," answered Paul, with a sigh ; "is there, then, any one in the world who can fill the place of a mother ?"

"Indeed," replied Edith, while a tear trembled in her eye, "I don't know ; I have scarcely any recollections of my own mother ; but I don't think I could have loved her much better than I love poor Mary."

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## CHAPTER IX.

Oh how he burned with fierce, poetic fire !  
Himself a satyr, and his verse satire.

ANON.

THE day following Paul Redding's installation at Mr. Munson's, he entered as a student the sanctum of Mr. Scrapp. He found that gentleman engaged in transferring from his well-stored imagination a human figure ; for so he called it.

"Young gentleman," said Mr. Scrapp, "give me

your attention for a moment. Here is a human figure. I am about to explain to you some of the fundamental principles of the art. You observe that I am not trammelled with any of those superfluous rules in drawing which Sir Joshua and others have laid down as the standard. No, sir, they were all humbugs! What did they know more about the human figure than I do? Was nature any more nature then than it is now? Hang their rules, they always put me out, as Fuseli once said; a remark that in my opinion was sufficient of itself to immortalize the author. So I say, hang their rules; I have found a system of my own, in which you will observe that I am neither a slave to nature nor the old masters. In my rules for drawing a figure, as in this case, the head forms one sixteenth part of the body; the arms, when extended, are half as long again as the whole length of the person; while the hand is half the length of the arm; and every foot is a foot and a half. You see that my system is at once simple, striking, and original!"

"Very!" replied Paul.

"But, hark!" said Mr. Scrapp; "somebody is at the door. Go and see who it is; remember, if it is a suspicious-looking man, a collector, I mean, do n't admit him; I'm out!" And he slipped very dexterously behind a screen, while Paul opened the door.

"Is Scrapp in?" said an ill-looking man, with very red whiskers and rank beard. Paul thought

that the stranger was *rather* suspicious-looking, but would n't lie even to shield the renowned caricaturist ; therefore he replied, " Yes, sir, he is in, but I believe is engaged."

" What do I care," said the man, walking boldly into the room. " He *is* very suspicious-looking," thought Paul, " but it could n't be helped."

" Ah, my dear Gall, I 'm rejoiced to see you ! " said Scrapp, stepping forth from the screen.

" I 've a job for you, Scrapp," said Mr. Gall.

" I 'm delighted to hear it ! what sort of a job ? Any thing in this way, eh ? " as he spoke, he flourished his pencil in the air, with great significance.

" You sometimes write satires, eh ? "

" Oh, frequently."

" Very well, sir, I want a few caustic lines embodying the ideas that you will find on this scrap of paper. Do it, sir, and five dollars shall be your reward ! Make that fellow who dares to write poetry wish he had never been born ! do it, and five dollars will reward your labors ! "

" Yes ! " said Mr. Scrapp, making the late production of his pencil fly across the room. " To-day is Saturday. Let me see, say on Monday ; yes, you shall have it on Monday."

" Very well, sir ; only make the fellow wish that he had never been born, that 's all ! "

" Never fear ; I 'll do it ! "

" On Monday ? "

" Yes, Monday ! "

“Good day, Scrapp.”

“Good bye, Gall.”

Mr. Scrapp lost no time in seating himself before a piece of virgin paper; and he was soon plunged in the most profound meditation. For a long time did he remain in that situation, without giving any signs of animation; at last, however, his lips began to move, as if he communed inwardly, with spirits, (very likely he did.) Paul was strongly reminded of a line by Wordsworth,

“And Johnny’s lips, they burr, burr, burr!”

In the course of time, the word *poem* escaped from the mouth of the inspired satirist; faintly, at first, but, as the storm thickened, it grew louder and louder, until, at last, burst out, “Poem! poem! poem! hide your works! Oh, never, never, nev—er — blood and thunder!” cried he; at the same time, striking his pencil on the table with great desperation, he addressed Paul, saying, “Come, young man, what rhymes with *po*?” The youth answered, “flow, go, wo —”

“Stop! stop!” cried the other, eagerly; “not so fast. I want time to think as you go along. Now for it!” Paul continued, “Sow, row, throw —” “There, now, hold up a minute, will you!” Mr. Scrapp looked at the floor, scratched his head, and bit his nails; then turning his inspired orbs towards that little oval streak of daylight, he exclaimed, —

“ Whene’er you undertake to do a poem,  
Hide your works, Oh do n’t you never throw ’em  
Out — in — before — ”

But it was no use ! The enraged satirist caught his hat, and rushed out of the room. He dashed down Second street, and plunged headlong into a coffee-house, where he was pretty certain of finding his friend, Mr. Inkleton ; he seized and dragged that poetical gentleman precipitously away ; nor did he attempt any explanation, until he succeeded in thrusting the poet, head first, into his studio. After dismissing Paul, those two hopefuls sat in solemn conclave for twenty-four hours, uninterrupted by any one during the whole, if we except a boy, that on Saturday afternoon delivered to them a well-filled demijohn. Mr. Inkleton, it is said, spoiled several quires of paper with his immense labors ; and, on Monday morning, precisely at three o’clock, kicked the empty jug across the room, with an imprecation, and read, to the infinite delight of his companion, some lines, which, in the course of a few days, appeared in one of the leading papers, and created a great sensation in the select circle of three persons ; namely, Mr. Gall and the co-authors.

## CHAPTER X.

“ My mother’s form in dim outline  
Is floating near me now,  
I feel her fond arms round me twine,  
Her breath upon my brow.”

MARY MATHER.

SEVERAL weeks had already elapsed since Paul had taken up his residence in the house of Nathaniel Munson. One evening, as the twilight was gathering fast, he and Edith sat together at the casement of the little parlor, that looked out upon the street. He had been making a sketch of her, as she sat reading. The liquid blue eyes cast down beneath their long flaxen fringes, the delicate oval face, from which the hair was gathered simply back, the small dimpled hand laid upon the white page, and added to all this the plain Quaker attire, formed a subject worthy of a more skilful pencil than that which now attempted to transcribe it. This, Paul was sensible of, and he no sooner finished the drawing, than he destroyed it.

“ Edith,” said he, “ think you I shall ever be an artist ? ”

“ Certainly I do, Paul, otherwise I would advise you to abandon all thoughts of art, and go immediately to hard labor.”

“ To *hard* labor, indeed ! think you that the artist lives the life of luxury and ease ! Oh, no, Edith. To pursue art, is to pursue early toil and

late watching, and too often obscurity, poverty and want. The artist must grow pale over his pencil, he must gird himself well for the long ordeal, if he would be a great artist. But then how ennobling the ambition, to pursue a great object through years of perpetual darkness, to grapple even with the lean hounds of poverty, and come out at last bright, though worn down with the conflict ! The thing is achieved ! and what is the sacrifice of this poor mortality when compared with immortality ! What though Raffael's body fell away in early life, in his works he still lives, and must live through all time. How much shorter is the existence of the centenarian that has lived without any exalted aim, who dies, is buried and forgotten ! ”

“ Is art, then, so difficult ? ” said Edith, with an expression of terror.

“ So indeed it would appear from the biography of almost all that have ever excelled in it. ”

“ And so fatal ? ”

“ Not always necessarily fatal ; many have lived to be quite aged, the fates, as it were, allowing them more time wherein to achieve their greatness. The brightest blaze is the soonest exhausted. ”

“ And you intend to endure all these things that you have named for the sake of painting pictures ? ”

“ Yes, Edith, such has always been my determination. ”

“ I have not the least doubt of your abilities,

Paul," said Edith, with a sigh ; " I think you capable enough ; but — "

" Well, proceed, I shall be glad to hear your objections."

" I think that you might be so comfortable and happy in some simpler pursuit."

" Pardon me, Edith, for differing with you on that point. What is comfort or happiness? It is to gratify the cravings of our highest nature, which is the soul, and the commands of the soul are imperative ; disregard them and we must be unhappy ; obey them and we are rewarded even in the act."

" That is very true, I did n't think of it before ; but then your enthusiasm is so strong, that you, I fear, are in danger of becoming too early a prey to it. Already I can see, or imagine that I see the color leaving your cheeks ; and every morning the empty lamp tells a tale of studies protracted to a very late hour."

" It is an old custom of mine. Reading and drawing have been to me, essentially a second life, and to resign one, it seems would be to resign both. Often, when a mere boy of ten or twelve, I have wandered away to the hills, and amid haunts where man seldom strayed, there would I pass the day in making sketches, perchance, of some peculiar tree, crag, waterfall, and mountain, and then amuse myself by fantastically weaving them into one. I have wandered abroad beneath the silent stars, through dense woods, down by level meadows, and

sat on the rocks beside the river, to listen to the thousand beautiful voices that darkness and wildness only have. And none but those who have done the same, know any thing of the bewitching spell of night, or the enchantment of solitude."

"But come, Paul," said Edith, "you have never told me any thing of your parents. Talk to me of your mother. I am sure that you must still love her memory."

The young man leant his forehead on his hand, and mused for some moments; not, however, to conjure up some scene of his childhood where his mother appeared prominent, for he remembered but one wherein he could yet call up that loved face to the eye of memory.

"There is but one incident that I can recollect," said Paul, at last, with a sigh, "in which I can yet distinguish my mother, and that scene is too painful; you would shudder to hear it."

"Pray go on," said Edith, eagerly.

"It was a dark, stormy night," continued Paul. "The winter winds were howling fearfully around our country habitation; but a broad sheet of flame went up the ample old-fashioned fireplace, and cast a feverish glare over the room. My mother, I can see her yet, passing to and fro with the little babe in her arms, preparing the evening meal. She was not tall, but yet was slender, and, as I recollect, quite good-looking. On one side of the fireplace sat my father, while, at the opposite side,

stood a short, dark, ill-looking man, of whom all seemed to hold a continual dread. An iron hook supplied the place of his right arm, which had been amputated at the elbow. The prominence of his cheek-bones and jagged brows formed between them deep valleys, wherein were situated two fiendish eyes, that seemed to shrink from the light as it were their deadliest enemy. Long, thin, straggling locks of hair, sprinkled with gray, hung down about his face ; and, in short, he was such a character as you would tremble to meet with in any unfrequented place. How distinctly I can still see my dear mother passing back and forth through the apartment. And all of the furniture of that one room, too, as it appeared on that night ; the old muskets, powder-horns, and many other similar articles, hanging or leaning against the wall, all glistening in the fire light, and projecting their long shadows ; it seems, in effect, like a picture by Rembrandt.

“ When the supper was spread upon the table, Fin, (for such was the ill-looking man’s name,) sat himself greedily to work, and appropriated the different articles of food to himself, at a most astonishing rate. My father rested his elbow on the back of the chair, his chin on his hand, and muttered something inaudible between his teeth.

“ Fin stopped for a moment, and fixed his fiendish eye on my father, and with a sarcastic smile, exclaimed, ‘ What ’s the matter, eh ? have you lost your appetite ? ’

“ My father made no answer ; but turned his back to Fin, who, looking around at me, met the indignant gaze of my mother. He smiled more hideously than ever ; and raising his ponderous eyebrows, beckoned me to his side.

“ ‘ Come here, Paul,’ said he, ‘ come here ! ’ his evil eye was upon me, and I could not but obey. Reaching forth the iron hook, he drew me close to his side.

“ ‘ What is the matter, Paul ? ’ ejaculated he, ‘ are you afraid of me, eh ? ’ and he put his face close to mine, repeating ‘ are you afraid, Paul ? ’ I turned my head away, and answered, ‘ yes.’

“ ‘ I thought so,’ replied he, with a fiendish smile, ‘ afraid of Fin, afraid he ’ll hurt you. Who taught you to fear me, eh ? ’ As he spoke, he cast his malicious eyes back and forth, alternately, from my father to my mother. ‘ Yes,’ continued he, ‘ *they* taught you to fear, and to hate Fin ! *They* hate Fin ! ’ as he said this, he laughed through his clenched teeth, and rubbed the iron hook, fiendishly, across the table. ‘ Oh, how they *hate* Fin ! ’ cried he again, in a voice that startled even my father, who, with eyes flashing with anger, turned abruptly around, and stared Fin full in the face.

“ ‘ HE hates Fin,’ screamed the ugly man, and, at the same time, pointed the hook towards my father, to designate who he meant. ‘ Fin knows too much ! he has a secret ! a dreadful secret ! ’

“ ‘ FIN ! ’ cried my father, mounting to his feet,

and grasping a chair, 'Fin! you infernal dog, if you do n't hold your tongue, I'll —' 'Murder me!' screamed Fin, finishing the sentence. 'Murder! ha, ha, ha! I've got a secret, mind you!' And Fin leaned over the table, and leered up in my father's face. 'The old man, he was asleep, he never woke after, did he? The money, too, the chest! ha, ha, ha!' My father's eyes flashed, and bursting with fury, he hurled the chair at the head of Fin, who, stunned by the blow, rolled with a fearful howl to the floor.

" 'Oh, what have you done?' cried my mother. 'Done!' ejaculated my father, 'killed a villain!'"

Just at this point of the story, Paul and Edith were both startled by a heavy crash at their side; and suddenly looking around, they beheld the poor house-keeper, Mary, with her hands thrown up, staring at them, seeming entirely unconscious of the half a dozen broken dishes at her feet. "What in the world's the matter?" cried Edith. Poor Mary, as if struggling with her senses, at last made out to exclaim, "Why! why! I was just thinking what an ugly man that Fin was;" and continuing to murmur strange words to herself, she began very coolly to collect the fragments of Mr. Munson's best tea-plates; and gathering up the very smallest pieces, she went and deposited them carefully in the closet, as if they were yet as valuable as ever.

## CHAPTER XI.

“ So cunningly the miser plans his plot,  
The de'il must smile upon his protege,  
And leave him midst his own dark villainy,  
Nor wish a meaner hypocrite to hold  
The agency of hell ! ”

DAYTON.

POOR Mary, as she was familiarly called, was a most singular creature ; her countenance invariably wore a vacant expression, and all of her movements were so uncertain, many of them unmeaning, that they seemed to be directed rather by a dim instinct, than by any gleams of reason. Such had been her character for years ; long, blank years they must have been to that almost inanimate creature. Let those who crushed the flower tell how many dreary years it had been since they left the leafless stalk to sway listlessly in the winds ! But of late, it seemed as though a light had been struggling to break through the mists that shrouded her poor mind ; and she moved somewhat less methodically, her actions appeared to be more the effect of impulse, and her gaze grew less vacant. This change, though but a slight one indeed, escaped not the observation of little Edith ; nor was it unnoticed by Fitful, the melancholy state of whose own mind but ill fitted him to discover the wavering of another. But step aside, poor Mary, for awhile ; step aside, thou broken-hearted thing !

while we usher upon the stage those who, with all their quantum of reason, are far from being thy peers! whose souls are bound to earth by a thousand chains of selfishness and guilt, whilst thine stands waiting, as it has done this many a day, to depart (when the angel shall beckon) for its bright home.

Some hours had elapsed after the recital of Paul's story, when two men glided cautiously into the residence of Nathaniel Munson, and ascending a couple of dark flights of stairs, passed into a little room, and carefully fastened the door behind them. One of these persons was a short, stout man, of about sixty years of age; his ill-shapen features were dark and weatherbeaten; he wore a seaman's jacket that had evidently been made for a much taller individual; his broad checkered collar was thrown open, displaying a short, muscular neck, and his appearance altogether gave strong indications that his vocation was that of a marine.

"There, stand still by the door till I strike a light," said his companion. When the stump of a tallow candle, that was stuck in a little rusty candlestick, was lighted, the dim blaze flickered on the shrivelled features of the old Quaker, Nathaniel Munson. There was a grim look of satisfaction on his countenance as he passed a backless chair to his companion and invited him to be seated, but that expression gave place to another, a little less satisfied, when the stranger, with a curse, kicked

the chair aside, and mounted himself on the top of an old, strongly-bound chest, and, with a malicious grin, rapped on the lid with the iron hook that was appended to his right arm in lieu of a hand, and exclaimed, "No, no, my old comrade, rickety crickets and chairs for land-lubbers, but give me a seat on the old chest that looks rusty on the outside but bright inside; it does one good to be near it, you know, comrade; ah, ha, ha, ho, ho!" Here the old sailor rapped so loud on the lid with the hook, and glanced at the Quaker with so much significance, that Munson trembled with terror, and begged him to be quiet, lest he might alarm the house.

"You're afraid that I might disturb some of these bright little fellows in here, too, aint you, eh?"

"O no, no, no!" exclaimed the Quaker, with great earnestness; "there isn't any thing there, nothing in the world but rubbish. Besides, thee knows (and here he assumed a very meek face) I am a poor man, not worth a cent when my debts are paid — not a cent. Thee knows that my purse-strings have always been too loose to keep money; think what sums I have paid thee, and made myself very poor to do it, very poor! Thee knows I am thy only friend, and am willing to do a little yet, a very little, for I am poor!"

At the conclusion of this speech, Munson puckered his face up into the meanest expression possible, dropped it into his neck-cloth, and peered at

his companion through his straggling eyebrows, while the other replied, "Curse your 'thee's,' and your meek Quaker face; drop 'em at once, for you always mean some bloody rascality when you take to 'em; so talk up like a man, and tell me what your're a going to give to get rid of this boy?"

"Not so loud!" said Munson, imploringly.

"Well, then, how much?" exclaimed the other, in the loudest whisper possible.

"Could n't thee do it for old acquaintance' sake, eh?" said the Quaker, assuming a very affectionate tone.

"O, certainly!" answered the sailor, with a fiendish grin; "our acquaintance has been so very pleasant, so bloody pleasant, and profitable to me in particular, you know!"

"Yes, certainly," said Munson, drawing his chair nearer to the other; "thee knows we have been like brothers!"

"Yes, comrade," was the reply, "brothers in bloody crimes! And I've had enough of 'em, unless you can talk up to a lively tune with these here musicians." As he spoke, he brought a very loud rap on the top of the box, plainly indicating that he knew the nature of its contents.

"Well, how much?" inquired the Quaker.

"Why, let me see," said the sailor; "to get him off, and then lose him overboard —"

"Yes, yes," ejaculated Munson, rubbing his hands with delight.

"To get him off—that's worth five hundred; and to lose him overboard—not less than five hundred more; so we'll say one thousand dollars."

"Impossible!" answered the Quaker, quite crest-fallen.

"Very well!" exclaimed the other, with indifference, "it'd be a cheap bargain at that; but you know best, do as you please; it's nothing to me, you know."

"That's a great sum," said Munson, contemplating the old chest.

"Maybe the boy may call on you for a greater sum, one o' these days, unless you take care of him," was the answer.

"Ay, ay, he *must* be taken care of!" ejaculated the Quaker. "But then if I induce the boy to go with the silly notion of visiting Italy, as I have heard him say he would like to do when he became able, I shall have to put a good round sum in his pocket; and I could n't afford so much."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the sailor; "do you think I'd let him go to Davy Jones with five hundred dollars in his wallet? no, no; give him that amount, and give me the balance, and call it a bargain. Do ye see, I don't want to cheat you, or I'd let you buy him off the best way you could and make so much the more out o' the speculation; but I'm honest, and would n't do it with an old comrade!" As he spoke he drew himself up as if perfectly conscious of his superiority, and he must have

looked, with that cut-throat face of his, the very ideal of honesty; none could have doubted him; even Nathaniel Munson himself must have suffered in comparison.

"If I succeed in this plan," said Munson, "I have, then, but one more to take care of."

"Yes, you have one more," answered the other, tapping the box rather lightly, this time.

"He will be your second victim," continued the Quaker.

"You might have said the fiftieth," replied the sailor, with a sneer.

"Well, well, fiftieth, if you please; but you will help him out of the way for the sake of an old grudge, eh?"

"Perhaps so."

"You hate him?"

"I do; he isn't a friend of mine, as you are, you know, Nat, eh?"

"And you would —"

"Yes, murder him!" said the man with the iron hook, finishing the sentence; "for a *small* consideration."

"A *very* small one," continued Munson, looking wistfully in his companion's face.

"Yes, I said so," was the reply. "And I suppose you will rest contented, having *only* the blood of three on your conscience."

"No, no!" cried the Quaker, looking wildly at his companion; "I did n't do it!"

The other shrugged his shoulders significantly, and gazed with a malicious smile into Munson's face. And he added, "You are sure that you can manage the girl?"

"Ay, ay, never fear; my son will help me do that; and for that old idiot, the woman, she does n't know enough to interfere."

"Yes, comrade, you're right; that son o' yours 'll help you to do any thing that smacks of villainy, depend on't; he's been my mate long enough for that."

Munson peered up in the other's face with a look of deep satisfaction and pride; and observed, "If we succeed, the property—I mean the very little that I have been looking to—will be secured to us, and no one can ever come up to dispute it."

"Unless they be bloody ghosts!" answered the sailor.

"Don't, don't talk of such ugly things!" cried the Quaker, with a shudder.

"As you please, comrade," was the reply. "Now that we understand each other, good night. But look out for ghosts, he, he! look out for thieves, ho, ho! lock it up tight, and cover your head close under the blankets, to-night, for there be thieves and ghosts about! he, he, ho, ho!"

"Didn't you hear a footstep on the stairs?" said Munson, trembling from head to foot.

"Thieves and ghosts! ho, ho!" was the reply.

The Quaker followed his companion down stairs,

who went tapping his iron hook on the balusters all the way to the bottom, disregarding the nudging and coaxing of the other. And when Munson opened the door for him to depart, he observed a cloaked female, pass quickly around the corner of the street. That night, poor Mary arrived unexpectedly at the apartment of Fiery Fitful.

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## CHAPTER XII.

“ To thee, bright land, whose sunny skies  
No wintry clouds e’er veil,  
Away, away, my spirit flies  
Before the spreading sail.  
I see thy storied hills e’en now  
With purple splendors teem ;  
Thy soft airs fan my spirit’s brow, —  
Land of the poet’s dream ! ”

MARY MATHER.

THE boy, that Munson was thus laboring to get rid of, as we have seen in the last chapter, was no other than Paul Redding, as may have already been surmised. And perhaps no scheme however deeply laid, could have promised better success than the one which the Quaker had hit upon. A youth, romantic in all of his feelings, buoyant with hopes which misfortune had failed to quell, alive to every delicate sensibility, and ardent in all of his passions, was an easy instrument for the wily hypocrite to play upon. Munson knew this ; he knew the inexperience of his victim, in regard to

the cunning world, and had heard some of his extravagant notions of the enchantments of an artist's life ; he knew that the aspirant to art ever looked with wistful eyes to Europe, and to Italy in particular, as the artist's paradise. With this ground to work upon, how easy to spread out the net that would entangle the footsteps of the youth ? And Paul, flattered with a thousand dazzling dreams, that only youth is heir to, how ready was he to walk into the well-planned snare ! He saw in imagination all the splendors of Rome and Florence rise before him ! The works of Raphael, Titian, and all the host of Italian masters were spread in long splendid galleries before his eyes, and he walked the storied streets of the " seven hill'd city," lost in admiration of her ruined temples ; or wrapped in the golden sunlight of his fancy, dreamed on the banks of Arno. How enthusiastically did he applaud the kindness of Nathaniel Munson, and how deeply in his heart did he thank little Edith, for he knew that her sweet voice must have had a prominent part in persuading her father to this act of generosity. Generosity indeed ! ah, poor youth, could he have known the pangs of untold grief that were rending the bosoms of those who were bound to him by the nearest ties of nature, how would he have rather cursed than blest that shrivelled fiend, the Quaker. Could he have seen poor little Edith, sitting apart from all and weeping, those tears might have dissolved the chain that was drawing

him on to his dark destiny ! Could he have seen poor Mary, struggling with ejaculations of broken sentences, and failing to disentangle her words and thoughts from the web of her brain, gaze tearfully, pityfully, and imploringly into the face of Fitful, as if to tell him with her eyes what her brain could not shape into language ; could he have seen Fitful bending affectionately, like a parent over a little child, catching at her words, and combining them with her tears, her actions and her countenance, and when he had gathered the dreadful meaning break into his most fearful state of madness, and rush wildly he knew not whither ! Then could he have seen that poor woman, sitting with her hands clasped on her knees, and her pale, sorrowful face, turned to heaven, motionless as a statue ! his fantastic dream had vanished like frost-work in the sun, and he would have questioned the motives of a stranger's kindness more closely.

But what is to save him now ? Fitful is gone ! The poor woman sits secluded in her little chamber, a more melancholy-looking thing than ever. Little Edith, with a swelling, but hopeful, unsuspecting heart, has taken leave of Paul, and seen him for the last time, as she thinks, for years. Mr. Christopher Scrapp, after occupying the space of an hour, in giving very sage advice about the manner of proceeding in a country, of which he knew little else than the name, and hinting darkly about certain complimentary stanzas, written by the renowned

Ichabod Inkleton, on the occasion of the departure of a young friend to Europe, bade adieu to his pupil.

Munson, with a sneaking leer on his countenance, and his chin buried very deep in his neck-cloth, walked arm in arm with Paul to the vessel, wishing him all the way the greatest pleasure imaginable in his voyage ; and to Paul's heart-felt expressions of gratitude, the Quaker humbly requested that he would not "*mention it.*" The captain, who was the old man with the iron hook introduced in the last chapter, for some reason or other was not about the vessel, and had left word that he would not be there, until they should be ready to sail, which would be on the following morning. Of course Paul thought nothing of this, for the captain's absence could be of no possible consequence to him. He little guessed that the man with the iron hook was fearful of awakening in the mind of the youth some recollections of his childhood, and possibly of being recognised as that not very amiable character, "Fin." He surmised wisely for himself, since Paul had come to the conclusion that the man whom he saw at the restaurateur, on the evening of his first arrival in the city, was one and the same with that individual of disagreeable memory. But the first mate, Munson's hopeful son, was there to play the part of captain ; he, however, was not over-officious in doing the honors. As Paul scanned his coarse form from head to foot, he

involuntarily exclaimed to himself, "And can this fellow, then, really be the own brother of little Edith ! he has not even called to see her, or pay her any of the attentions that a brother should ! However, it is enough that he *is* her brother, and the son of my generous friend, to entitle him to my respect."

This soliloquy was soon cut short by certain startling altercations held between Nathaniel Munson, Sen., and Nathaniel Munson, Jr., in which the latter seemed to have the best of it, as he made no hesitation to tell the old gentleman that he was a mean, stingy lubber, all of which made Nathaniel Munson, Sen., survey his progeny with an air of deep satisfaction and pride, as though he would challenge the world of fathers to produce such another promising son. Munson, Jr., paid no attention whatever to Paul ; but after telling his affectionate parent that he might emigrate to regions that would not sound polite in delicate ears to name, and there be in the same unpleasant condition of those who had gone before him, turned suddenly into the cabin. In the event of which, Munson, Sen., took a most heart-rending leave of Paul, and retraced his steps to the city, whilst the young man walked the deck, contemplating the scenes in his own brain much more than those around him. O, how bright the world appeared before him ! not a shadow swept across his mind to mar his fair hopes ! With five hundred dollars

in his pocket, and the promise of a speedy remittance, what had he now to fear? All the world was wrapped in a golden halo, and the ocean over which he had to cross, seemed but a path of pleasure. He walked the deck slowly but proudly; and you, who have achieved suddenly what for long years of days and nights you have dreamed of, hoping at one time, and at another deeming the realization almost an impossibility, or at least far, far before you, may appreciate the feelings of the youth, how his heart swelled, and his brain throbbed with pleasure! The evening was coming on, and Paul was reminded that that was the last twilight which would gather around him in his own native land for months, if not for years, to come. He stood gazing at the long row of houses, while the tide of darkness filled up the little alley-ways and recesses of whatever description, when he observed, at a neighboring corner, a mysterious hand beckoning ever and anon, and then the head of a female was visible for a moment, but it dodged quickly back again. While the arm was still extended and beckoning, the head appeared three or four times, and the hand moved unceasingly for several minutes, before Paul could make up his mind to answer the summons; but at last he stepped ashore, and walked toward the woman, who, when she saw him coming, retreated slowly, but still beckoning him on, until she glided into a very small, dark passage, and discovered to the youth, by her

manner and tones of voice, that strange creature, "poor Mary." Paul knew not what to make of this singular interview; her words were incoherent, and she seemed even excited, a state in which he had never seen her before. He could understand, however, that she said something of Fitful, and gathered from her, words something like these: "Fitful — home — go — see — must — must, now, to-night!" The woman drew her cloak closely around her, and passed swiftly on, and Paul, impelled by his sympathies, not only for her, but for the strange man, whose name she uttered, made no hesitation to follow. Having arrived at Fitful's apartment, they found the poor man in the greatest state of agony. He was leaning against the wall beating the air with his hands; but when he saw the youth, he embraced him, and sobbed like a child, and then grew gradually calm again, but he was not yet what Paul had seen him in his better moments. Mary gazed on the two with almost an expression of gladness, if, indeed, her sorrowful face could at any time assume a different look from its habitual one. It was a melancholy sight to see those two strange creatures striving to be glad. It was a sadder sight as they tried to explain to the youth a part of a dreadful secret. The poor woman endeavored to communicate her thoughts by the wild motions of her hands, and Fitful succeeded but little better with the free use of language. But, at last, he gave Paul to understand,

that he must not return to the vessel, but stay where he was for that night, at least. The youth, who could see no possible reason for such a movement, and considered what Fitful had told him about evil designs and the like, but the wild fancies of a fevered brain, remonstrated somewhat against this arrangement, until the other, to satisfy him at once, asked him, if he did not remember a dark, ugly man, the enemy of his father.

Paul replied, with no little astonishment, that he did remember such a man.

"And that man's name," continued Fitful, "was Fin!"

"In Heaven's name, how knew you that?" cried Paul.

"No matter," said Fitful, "no matter for the present; but be satisfied, and stay where you are, when I tell you that that dark man, Fin, is the captain of that vessel! Thank this poor woman, who has providentially saved you from the jaws of a shark! — Yes, literally a shark!"

"If such is the fact, I do indeed thank her!" cried Paul, still lost in amazement.

"Well, well, sit down," said Fitful, "sit down, and I'll explain as much as I can, conveniently, for the present; at least, enough to satisfy you. Therefore, sit down, and be calm."

## CHAPTER XIII.

"The night goes on.

Why in the shadow of the mast,  
Stands that dark, thoughtful man alone?  
Thy pledge, man; keep it fast!"

R. H. DANA.

Beneath the silent arch of midnight falls  
The muffled sound of feet that print the dust  
Along the winding highway.

It was late at night, before Nathaniel Munson was informed of the disappearance of the young man. He was evidently uneasy. Had the youth have disappeared satisfactorily—that is to say, forever, all would have been well; but as it was, he had a prophetic feeling, which told him that something was going on, not altogether according to his wishes. Therefore, he drew his weather-beaten, broad-brimmed hat very low over his forehead, plunged into the street, and following his first impulse, hurried along to the residence of Fitful. Paul had already learnt enough of the villainy of the Quaker, to turn the feelings of gratitude and respect, that he had hitherto felt for Munson, into deep hatred, if not indeed into a spirit of revenge; but there was still a dark mystery involving all. He had no reason to doubt the assertions of Fitful, or the woman; nor yet could he understand why he should be the object of such infernal plans, as the one of which Munson was accused. But he had promised Fitful to follow his injunctions for the

present, in lieu of which, Fitful had agreed to disclose to the youth, as soon as practicable, which, perhaps would be in a few days, all the circumstances of the case, and satisfactory evidences to prove them. They had just arrived at this state of affairs, when Munson, unceremoniously thrust himself into the apartment. Paul felt, for a moment, an uneasy twitching in his fingers to grasp the Quaker by the white cravat, and give it a few smart twists, much to the discomfort of that shrivelled, lying throat ; but he suppressed his feelings, and only gazed on the old man with a look of stern defiance and contempt, which so disconcerted the Quaker that Paul felt doubly assured that what he had heard was true. The poor woman recoiled with a shudder into the farthest corner of the room ; but Fitful, with clenched fists and flashing eyes, confronted the Quaker, and bade him, if he valued his head, to depart. Nathaniel Munson endeavored to look bland ; he smiled a grim smile, and observed to the young man, paying no attention to the threat, that he had better take leave of those good people, and without further delay, go on board the vessel, which was about to be hauled out into the stream, ready to sail early in the morning.

“ I shall do no such thing ! ” cried Paul.

“ Thee won’t ? ” ejaculated the Quaker, with astonishment.

“ No, he won’t ! ” thundered Fitful, grasping Munson by the collar.

“He do n’t mean —”

“Yes, he does mean!” cried the other, “he does mean to mar your infernal plot!” and with that, Fitful dragged the Quaker, or rather lifted him bodily to the door.

“But he ’s got my money!” urged the little man.

“And will keep it!” was the answer.

“No, no, not keep my money!” screamed the Quaker.

“I say he will keep it, and take that, as my acknowledgment for the sum!” replied Fitful, as he thrust Munson down stairs, with an accompanying kick.

“But I will have my money!” cried he, from the bottom of the stairs. “Help! murder! help! thieves!” Fitful listened till the cry of “help! murder! thieves!” &c., died away in the distance, and then turning to Paul, exclaimed, “There is no time to lose; I know this old hell-hound too well to trust him; therefore, prepare to leave; and Mary, for a little while longer, betake yourself to this old scoundrel’s house, only for a few days more, for the girl’s sake!” and saying this, he led her to the door. Now hurriedly he grasped those two old rusty pistols from above the mantel-piece, and thrust them into the breast of his coat; but as he was gathering some papers from a private drawer, and stuffing them into his pockets, he heard the sound of clumsy footsteps on the stairs; and without farther delay threw open a window, and bidding

Paul to follow, leapt out on to a shed, in the rear of the house and disappeared, just as a couple of coarsely cloaked figures, followed by Munson, rushed into the apartment. But it was no use ; Fitful and Paul were nowhere to be found ; and the Quaker, bursting with rage and disappointment, bade his myrmidons seize poor Mary, who had loitered at the door, and now stood looking on in stupid amazement. They laid their coarse hands upon the woman and dragged her away. How meekly and willingly did she go ! Yes, poor thing, it mattered little to her, whether they led her to a palace, or a prison ! But where was little Edith, all this time ? She was pacing a solitary apartment in the house of Nathaniel Munson, altogether unconscious of what had taken place. She little dreamed that Paul was not ensconced on board the ship ready to depart ; no, she almost sighed to think that such was the case, and then reproached herself for having a wish that would deprive him of so much pleasure. She wondered what could detain poor Mary so long, it was past eleven o'clock, and she was not accustomed to keep such late hours ! Vex not thy sweet brain, dear Edith, get thee to thy quiet pillow, while yet it invites thee ; let there be one to-night who shall sleep untroubled ! Let us look for a moment to Fin ; he is walking the deck of his vessel, uttering strange words, and curses mingled with fits of jeering laughter. But wherefore should he curse ? he is thinking that a beard-

less victim hath slipped from his hands, carrying in his possession five hundred dollars! And the iron-armed captain laughs, for he carries as great a sum of the Quaker's money in his own pocket, which he has not had the trouble of earning, and which the Quaker may not again easily reclaim. Thus the evil man may laugh and curse alternately!

Fitful and the youth threaded the quiet streets of the Quaker city, and passed unmolestedly over the long bridge that crosses the Schuylkill. Now, having gained the open country, they could walk more leisurely, and mature their plans. Fitful's pace was quick and nervous, so much so, that Paul with difficulty, at times, maintained his place at the side of his companion. The night was clear and still; it was just such an hour as suited well the romantic feelings of the youth; but, under the present circumstances, his brain whirling with the excitement of surprises not yet explained, he saw not, felt not, and cared not for surrounding objects, so long as he felt assured of his companion's and his own safety. The stars above him seemed dizzy, and the shadowy hills rolled like the billows of ocean away, and others rose to view as they passed hurriedly over the uneven road. The mile-stones, grim and ghostlike, one after one greeted them through the long, silent night, and the pedestrians, like two shadows moulded from the surrounding darkness, passed unnoticed over the dusty white turnpike. Daylight found them far on their

way; and, at ten o'clock, the long line of white houses that constitute the pleasant village mentioned in the early part of our story, greeted their sight, to the no little gratification of both parties. They were fatigued, bodily, with their march, and mentally, by anxiety and the late occurrences. Therefore they gladly hailed the old swinging sign-board of the "Half-way House." Numerous wagons of every description filled up the stable yard, and occupied the space before the inn door. A crowd of people were moving back and forth from the bar-room to the porch, some laughing, some swearing, others boasting and bargaining, and not a few calling out in the most uproarious manner for liquor. Dutch, Irish, and English, and bad enough English at that, made a most unintelligible and unharmonious compound of human voices. Paul and his companion elbowed their way into the bar-room, without much difficulty, since even the bravest, (which means, when speaking of such people, the strongest, as a matter of course,) even the stoutest fell instinctively back to make a passage for that strange man whom they all had seen or heard of before, and who, they verily believed, was the devil himself, or one nearly connected with his sooty majesty.

Mr. Samuel Spatter, encircled by a crowd at one end of the porch, related how he had seen that same strange individual under very suspicious circumstances. How he (the mysterious man) had

walked one night, during a thunder storm, into that same bar-room, filling the place with a strong smell of sulphur; and how he (Mr. Spatter) saw something very much resembling a horn sticking through a hole in the old man's beaver; and he was not quite certain, but thought that he saw the devil's tail switching about from beneath the skirts of the stranger's long overcoat. This dreadful intelligence sent a thrill of awe through the gaping crowd, and served not a little to make the distance that they maintained between themselves and Fitful, very respectful. The more superstitious members of the company were suddenly reminded of all the mysterious things they had seen and heard of during their life, and, on comparing notes, concluded that the stranger was the agent of them all. One big, bony, half Dutchman, related how he was sitting at his door one evening just at twilight, and how all at once he saw a big black ball roll round and round in the yard, and how he ran and got his gun and shot at it, but at that very instant it vanished in a cloud of dust; and how just then he saw this same dark man dash wildly down through the orchard and disappear behind a big tree; and when he (the Dutchman) ran up to the place he only found a dead 'possum; but concluding that it was a bait left there by the devil, he did n't dare to touch it, but went to the same place, the next morning, and it was *gone*! The latter circumstance placed his suspicions beyond a doubt!

All this made a confusion that Paul could not well understand; nor did the figure of the little host, seated upon the top of an old rusty beer-barrel, "beating time to nothing" with his heels against the sides of the cask, serve to explain the mystery. When he beheld the young man approaching, he shook his head in a most melancholy manner, as much as to say it could n't be helped, then cast his eyes again to the floor, and heaved a long sigh that ended with, "Ah, mine Got! mine Got!"

"What's the matter, my good friend?" said Paul, laying his hand on the Dutchman's shoulder.

"Go vay, go vay!" sighed the landlord; "der aint no Half-way House no more—der aint no Gotlieb Speckuncrout no more, der aint! No, no! all going, going, gone! to der tivel!"

"But tell me," cried the youth, "what does all this mean?"

"Vell, vell, suppose it doesn't mean notting! All I got to say is, der Half-way House is going to der tivel and pe——" he swallowed the last word, but expressed his meaning by dealing a very severe kick on the side of the cask.

Mr. Spatter, where he found that any information was wanted, kindly tendered his services, and soon explained to Paul the whole mystery. How that Captain Cutlass, the warlike gentleman, had come very near fighting a duel with the Hon. Timothy Littleworth, and how that he was only appeased in

his wrath by the loan of two hundred dollars from the honorable gentleman, and how that Mynheer Speckuncrout, like a darned fool, as he was, had, at Mr. Littleworth's suggestion, gone security for the amount. That the warlike gentleman turned out to be a great rascal, just as he (Mr. Spatter) had said he would, although he didn't remember under what circumstances he made the remark; but that was no matter; he knew that he had said it somewhere to somebody, and his prophecy had come true, as usual. He went on to say that when some handbills appeared, offering a reward for a certain notorious swindler, the captain very suddenly disappeared, and emigrated to parts unknown. Consequently, Mr. Littleworth, knowing Mynheer to be a political opponent, pounced down upon him for the money; which the landlord was not able to pay just at the time, since he himself had been fleeced of all of his ready cash by the same military gentleman. The consequence of which was, Mynheer Speckuncrout was about to be sold out at vendue by the constable.

At the conclusion of this piece of intelligence, Fitful and Paul held some conversation apart, in which the latter seemed to make some proposals that met with the approbation of the former; then stepping up to the landlord, he whispered something in the Dutchman's ear that made him open his eyes and mouth very wide; and, on hearing the same thing repeated, he jumped down from the top

of the barrel, and snatching his little red cap from off his little bald head, threw it with great disrespect at the form of the Hon. Timothy Littleworth, (who had just entered the bar-room and was standing in Napoleon's battle attitude,) and then, in a delirium of pleasure, threw his arms around Paul and embraced him; then went through the same operation with Mr. Spatter, and his joy knew no bounds till he found that he was embracing Fitful! The cause of this strange proceeding was only explained when Paul drew from his pocket the money that the Quaker had furnished him, and passed the necessary sum, two hundred dollars, into the hands of Gotlieb Speckuncrout, who, with an air of unbounded triumph, paid the amount over to the astonished prosecutor, and requested that the company would call for what they pleased to drink! That was a great day at the Half-way House! When the landlord found that Fitful was Paul's friend, he no longer held him in dread, but placed him in estimation next to the youth. Every delicacy that the place could afford was thrust before these two wayworn travellers; and the best bed in the house was at their disposal, which, perhaps, was the most welcome of any thing that the grateful host could have furnished.

## CHAPTER XIV.

“ Amen !

To the desolate mourner's prayer,  
In the palace or prison-cell ;  
Let thine answering mercy tell,  
Thou, God ! art there !  
Amen ! ”

DUGANNE.

PAUL had enjoyed for several hours a refreshing sleep, and he awoke in the afternoon feeling quite renewed again. Fitful, strange to say, had not slept, but had occupied the time in writing ; and now, just as the youth awoke, he was adding the superscription to a long letter that he had just finished. “ Come, Paul,” said he, “ we have yet some miles to walk ; it is time that we were on our way.”

“ To what place do you intend going to-night ? ” inquired the youth.

“ To one that you are already familiar with,” was the answer. “ A few hours hence, boy, and you will know all that you may even wish to know about this mystery ; more, perhaps, than you ought to know for your own happiness. But come, the sun is yet two hours high ; ere it sets, our destination may be gained.”

In a few minutes the two travellers were again on their way. They turned their course up the banks of the Brandywine river, and passing under the groves of old chestnut and sycamore trees,

soon lost sight of the village, and were surrounded by the murmuring of the water, the singing of birds, and the oblique rays of golden sunlight, that slid through the rustling leaves to light the woodland path. Paul became not a little concerned to find his companion relapsing into his wild state. When a squirrel dropped his nut to the ground, and leapt away among the tall branches, Fitful would start aside with a shudder; and when a dead limb fell beside them, crackling on the ground, he grasped the arm of the youth and darted furiously from the woods. But in a short time, they stood on the spot where Paul first encountered the strange man; and the sun was now just dropping behind the distant blue hills.

“There!” cried Fitful, “you hear the river, boiling and fretting, but cannot see it from here—you see the long dark line of trees that cover its banks—listen how it moans! Do you hear it? Then let me tell you, Paul, there are streams of guilt in the world, that, however they may lie concealed beneath familiar things, and run through hidden ways, still have a voice which cannot be stifled! See yonder! how high yon fish-hawk sails; a dim speck, it would almost emulate the stars! but let me tell you, Paul, to-day that bird has sunk lower, amid the turmoil of that dark stream that flows yonder, than thousands of the winged tribe that soar not so high! Remember that, Paul, remember that!” Thus saying, he

turned to the old apple-tree, described in our first chapter, and exclaimed, "Here, Paul Redding, on this spot will I deliver to you that which is your own; and let the dead witness that no man is wronged!" and he drew from the breast of his coat a package of papers, and handed them to the youth. "Here," said he, taking the letter that he had that day written, from his pocket, "here, Paul, take this; when I am — no — that is, I mean, to-morrow, send that to the place where it is directed to — not before — not after; but to-morrow. As to that package, it is yours; read it when you please, sooner or later; all, all is there! I have done all — done my best. God forgive me for having once in my life, done *my worst*! You will forgive me," continued he, grasping the youth by the hand, "*you* will forgive me, will you not?"

"Indeed," answered Paul, "I know not of any thing you have done that requires my forgiveness."

"True, my dear boy, true! but you soon will know, you soon must know, therefore, forgive me; for the love of — of Heaven, let me have your forgiveness!"

"Most heartily I give it!" cried Paul, "let it be for what it may!" and tears dimmed the eyes of both. "Come," said Fitful, "it has grown quite dark, follow me to yon old stone mansion. There we may rest to-night. You will find a bed in an upper chamber, although no living soul occupies the dwelling; but that is no matter; it has been

my place of retreat for years, no other has occupied it for many a day ; therefore it will be a fitting place for us to-night." When they arrived at the house, Fitful took from his pocket a big rusty key, and turning it with difficulty in the lock, threw the heavy door back on its grating hinges. As they passed into a large old-fashioned and empty room, their footfalls ran echoing over the building, as if they were messengers sent to the remotest apartments to tell of the arrival of the two guests. Fitful lighted an old, brass lamp, that stood on the mantle-piece, and led the youth up the dusty, creaking stairway. "There," said he, as he stood at the top of the first flight of stairs, "there, that will be my room to-night, yours is one story higher;" and they passed up into a small chamber, furnished with a bed and a couple of old chairs. There hung on the walls two portraits, in very antique-looking frames. Paul was struck with the pictures, and he stood before them for some time, contemplating the countenances, which were those of a young man and woman. Those quiet eyes, as they looked down into his, seemed to read his very soul, and the youth recalled in his mind, unconsciously, scenes long since gone by. He turned to inquire of his companion who they were the portraits of, and for the first time, found he was alone ! He stood for awhile lost in amazement, but his gaze rested again on those quiet familiar faces, until overwhelmed with a flood of recollections, he

reeled to the bed, and sunk upon its edge, whilst the tears streamed from his burning eyes. Old scenes swept through his brain, like the sunlight and shadow that play over distant fields; scenes wherein moved the forms of his father and mother, and as he gazed on them with his "mind's eye," they seemed to be the originals of those two pictures! Thus he laid wrapped in a dreamy maze of the past, he knew not how long; but when he looked up, the broad moon was looking in upon him with a brilliancy that almost drowned the faint glimmering of the lamp, and as its white rays gleamed over the faces of the paintings, divesting them of all color, Paul shrunk back with a shudder, for he thought he saw "Poor Mary's" ghost! But he soon upbraided himself for his timidity, and drawing the package that Fitful had given him from his pocket, laid it on the table by the lamp, intending to seize the present opportunity to solve the mystery that had thus gathered its strange web about him. But feeling some misgivings in regard to the safety of his companion, he passed cautiously down stairs, and opening the chamber door as softly as possible, looked in. He beheld Fitful kneeling in the flood of white moonshine that streamed across the floor, muttering most uncouth words, while he scraped on the hard oak floor with the blade of a knife. "This is a die for the conscience," he murmured; "purple is a royal color, and the oak is monarch of the woods! who

may divest the king of his robes?" Again he scraped on in silence for a few minutes, but his wild thoughts soon burst forth in utterance. "What! shall I write a book that I cannot unwrite? O, what a chronicle is here! Did the world understand the alphabet to these hieroglyphics, what a tale would here be unfolded!"

Paul, fearful of being observed by the wild man, retreated again to his chamber, but sat hour after hour listening to the sound of the scraping knife; for while he could hear that, he felt, in a degree, at ease, since the noise told him that Fitful was still safe in his room. The moon was now no longer looking in at the window; the lamp was burning low; he was reminded that he had not yet examined the package; and pricking up the wick of the lamp with the point of a knife, he examined the papers, and the first thing that attracted his particular attention was a letter addressed to himself. He opened it and read:

"MY DEAR BOY:

"You have been a wanderer in the world; so have I. Wherever you have been, there have I been, also. I have been near you a thousand times when you little guessed it. But all that is passed. The time has arrived. Enclosed among these papers you will find that which will make you independent of the world. The property is mostly

yours ; but you are not alone ; there are those who will be dependent upon you ; fail not to do your duty by them—love them as you should love those nearest and dearest to you. This letter is only to prepare you for the perusal of others of deeper importance ; you will find them all at your command, and as you read them, O, curse me not ! but weep that humanity should fall so far ; then pray that God may cleanse the blood-stained soul, and forgive, (yes, Paul, it is true ! ) your dying father !

JOHN REDDING."

This is a disclosure that the reader, as a matter of course, has been prepared for ; and, in fact, so had Paul, at times, but not at that moment, when his nerves were torn with excitement, and his brain dizzy with fears and conjectures ! He reeled and staggered, but recovered himself, and his first impulse was to rush down stairs and throw himself into the arms of his father. The stairs were passed, he knew not how ; he burst into the chamber, but it was vacant ! Fitful was gone ! O, how wildly, how madly did Paul traverse every apartment of that dark, dismal house, calling on the name of his father ! Now, rushing out into the chill morning air, he hurried to the woods, ran up and down by the river side ; nor did he cease his search until he had alarmed the neighbors, and

called several of them to his assistance. The red morn was already in the east, and the broad daylight soon came up to the aid of the distracted son. The company, after a vigilant search, met on the brow of the hill not far from where Paul had first seen Fitful; disappointment was on every countenance, and Paul's heart sunk within him as they shook their heads, indicating that their labor had been in vain.

"Halloa!" cried one who had wandered somewhat apart from the rest, "halloa! he's here!" With a cry of "where? where?" the young man darted in the direction which the other pointed, and beheld his father kneeling, with his head resting on the stone, beneath the old apple-tree! The sun was just sending his first rays over the top of the hill as they lifted the old man up; there was a quiver on his lips, and his glazed eye turned to heaven, while he feebly cried, "God forgive me!" and sunk lifeless into the arms of his son!

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## CHAPTER XV.

The grated jail wherein are pent,  
The guilty and the innocent.

ANON.

LET us retrace our steps; let us walk again amidst that sea of hearts, the city. It is midnight. How solitary are the streets. The houses stand,

like a certain class of mankind, with their souls shut up in them, and their iron arms laid across their breasts as if to say, "we have tender feelings, we do sympathize with poor suffering mortals — yes — we feel it here." That is, they feel it safe within, and there they mean to keep it. In traversing the streets of a city at midnight, when the lamps are burning very dim, the stars very clear, and the watchmen are very scarce, what odd fancies crowd upon the brain. At such an hour it seems as though the houses had taken the town, devoured the inhabitants, and now stood in the most perfect regimental order, ready to "forward, march," as soon as their old commander, the State House, should give the word. Did we say that odd fancies came at such an hour? They are gone. Yonder is the prison; fancy flies like a bird before such dreadful realities as are suggested by yon iron-beaked cormorant. There she stands watching by the sea of misfortune, waiting impatiently to catch whatsoever the waves may cast up. The darkest billow of that ocean has burst at the prison foot, and its burden is poor Mary. The keys are grating in the iron locks, the doors swing heavily on their hinges, and rude hands thrust the poor creature forward — forward into the darkness. She reels against the wall and sinks upon the hard oaken seat; while her eyes, like those of a little child, turn instinctively their steady gaze toward the dim ray of light that flickers through the grating

from a neighboring lamp. There she shall rest to-night. Where is Edith? still is she pacing that little apartment. She hears every approaching footfall; stands breathless to listen; but the night-walker passes on. The watchman's cry startles her with a shudder — "past one o'clock!" Again and again has she put on her bonnet, and wrapped a shawl about her shoulders; but the night is dark and still, fearfully still, and she shrinks back afraid. But soon she hears a noise at the street door; her heart leaps for joy; perhaps 'tis Mary returned! The maiden grasps the lamp and hurries down, to encounter the fierce, scowling countenance of Munson.

"O, I'm so glad!" exclaimed Edith, scarcely knowing what she said, "where is Mary?"

"Where she should be!" growled the Quaker, between his teeth.

"*Do* tell me, where? where?" said the girl, in the most supplicating manner.

"Out of my way," cried Munson, lifting his clenched fist; "out of my way, or I'll strike thee!" Edith in her terror, dropped the lamp to the floor, and the miser and the maiden were both deluged in darkness.

"What did thee do that for?" screamed the Quaker, as he hurried up the stairway; she made no answer, but stood paralyzed on the spot.

"Halloa!" cried the Quaker again, from the top of the second flight of stairs. "Edith, thee jade,

bring me a light!" The poor girl hurried away for another lamp, but long before she found one, Munson screamed out again,

"Bring me a light, I say, a light! I'll not stay here in the dark!" But the fire was out, the matches misplaced, and no light appeared.

"I'll not stay in the dark!" cried the old man again, "to play with devils and ghosts! no! no!" And rushing down stairs he fled through the entry, and the front door slammed loudly at his back.

Edith sought her chamber again, and flinging herself on the bed, wept all night. The morning came and brought with it nothing welcome but the light. Again she put on her bonnet and shawl, and now hurried out into the streets. Hopes and fears nerved her step; and with a loud beating heart she sought Fitful's chamber; the door was open, she passed in, but the room was vacant! There were papers strewed over the floor, the little table and chairs were upset, the brass clock that of late ticked so mournfully on the mantel-piece now lay broken on the hearth; all of which were marks of the cowardly Quaker's malice. Poor little Edith stood in the midst of this confusion, and covering her face in her hands, wept afresh.

"What! must I encounter the fiends everywhere?" screamed a shrill voice at her back; Edith started with affright, and beheld again the bloodshot eyes of Munson glaring upon her. His eyebrows were clenched, a malicious smile was

playing around his mouth, and his skinny fingers were working nervously against his thumbs.

“O, my father!” cried Edith, falling upon her knees and clasping her hands in the most imploring manner, “Tell me! tell me! what is the matter? where is Mary?” Old Munson dropped his chin deep into his neck-cloth, and gazing down into the sorrowful face of the maiden, laughed hideously.

“Please — father — father!” continued Edith, whilst the tears streamed down her pale face.

“I’m not your father!” cried the Quaker, laughing more maliciously than ever. “I’m not your father, I never was! ha, ha! You’re a beggar, an outcast! You belong to the poor-house; go home, go where you belong, to the poor-house! he, he!”

At the end of this unfeeling speech, Edith hid her face in her hands, and remained in that attitude for a long time, overwhelmed with confusion, grief, and disappointment. When, with timid eyes, she ventured to look up, she found herself alone. Yes, she thought, alone in every sense of the word — poor Mary had disappeared in the most mysterious manner, and her father would no longer acknowledge her. Now cast off, whither should she go? The last words of Munson still rung in her ear like a funeral knell,—“the poor-house! the poor-house!” and drawing a chair to the window, she sat gazing, she knew not how long, upon the quiet sky. Hour after hour swept away, but she knew it not,

and she was only awakened from her melancholy reverie by feeling the pressure of a hand upon her shoulder. There was something sympathetic in the touch; her heart leaped, and gladness thrilled her frame ere she well knew why; but an instant more found her arms encircling the neck of poor Mary! The woman returned the impassioned caress of the girl, and Edith felt once more that she was not an outcast—that there was still one heart that cherished her. Poor Mary, with a dozen others, had been arraigned, that morning, before the police court, but no accuser appearing against her she was released, and her first impulse was to return to Fitful's apartment, where she happily discovered Edith, as we have just described. When the latter had related, as well as she could between sobs and tears, her father's cruel treatment, the other heaved a heavy sigh, and kissing Edith on the brow, drew the maiden's little hand through her own arm and led her away. Their steps were directed to the house of Munson, which, fortunately for their own quietude, they found did not contain its master.

## CHAPTER XVI.

How rapidly they pass  
                                To the grave !  
The good, the bad, alas,  
    How thoughtlessly go all,  
    Like guests to a banquet-hall,  
How rapidly they pass  
                                To the grave !

AFTER Paul's first burst of grief had in some degree subsided, the neighbors held a conference with him, in regard to the disposal of Fitful's body. He determined to have it interred beneath the old apple-tree, and to have a fence built about it for protection, which was accordingly done ; but in removing the big stone, already mentioned, the laborers were terrified at the appearance of a skeleton ! The circumstance was made known to the young man, who, although somewhat astonished at first, at last concluded that he could solve the mystery, but without communicating any of his surmises to those about him, ordered another coffin to be made for the reception of the disinterred bones. As he contemplated this circumstance, it was evident to his mind, that the skeleton had something to do with the mysteries explained in the papers that Fitful had given him, and as he remembered those dreadful disclosures, the injunctions of his father, in regard to the letter which he had written at the Half-way House, flashed upon

him. Therefore he immediately sent it off in time for the mail. This being done, he sat down, and as calmly as possible perused again more carefully the papers that Fitful had given him. His late grief had so overwhelmed him, that a new disclosure scarcely produced any visible change in his feelings or countenance. He found that he was heir to a large estate, which Nathaniel Munson had managed thus far to keep from him; the Quaker's power to trample a family down into the very dust, was thus accounted for. John Redding, otherwise called Fiery Fitful, and Nathaniel Munson, had married two sisters, the only children of a rich old farmer, who had occupied the mansion on the banks of the Brandywine, a place already described.

Munson, for some reason or other, had incurred the dislike of his father-in-law, and finding him not only likely to live to a good old age, if left to die a natural death, but also likely to cut him off in his will, therefore he formed a plot, which was matured and executed in the following manner. Having bribed the cut-throat fellow, that has already been presented to the reader in the character of a sea captain, his next plan was to get his brother-in-law under the influence of brandy, (a thing in those anti-temperance days not hard to accomplish,) and then excite him to rage against the old man, and in that state couple him with Fin, and send the drunken man and the villain to accomplish the designs of a base coward. Thus were his plans matured,

and thus were they accomplished ! John Redding was a murderer, and ever after that, not only was he borne down by the weight on his conscience, but was entangled in the web that that wily villain, the Quaker, had thrown around him. He dared not dispute whatever claims Munson was inclined to present ; thus all that had ever been his and his family's, with the exception of the smallest possible amount to subsist on, went into the coffers of the miser. Paul read this part of the story calmly ; but with a deep determination that, not only Munson, but Fin, his accomplice, should be brought to answer for their share in the crime. Only once did the mingled feelings of revenge, surprise, and pleasure, gain any outward manifestations ; it was when he learnt that " poor Mary," Munson's housekeeper, was his own mother ! and that little Edith Munson, as he had been used to call her, was his own sister ! O, what a torrent of feelings had torn his breast in the short space of three days ! In that time he had embarked, as he thought, for Italy ; had been saved, as Fitful said, literally from the jaws of a shark ; had walked many miles beneath the silent stars ; had saved his benefactor, the landlord, from ruin ; had no sooner found a father than he lost him ; had come into a large fortune ; and, what was best of all, had found a mother and sister to enjoy it with him ! As soon as he saw his father interred with the proper ceremonies, he hastened to the city to embrace those

nearest and dearest to him, and to carry out his plans in regard to Munson and Fin. But when he arrived in town, he found to his no little surprise, that the Quaker, and the sea captain with his crew, had already been seized, through the instrumentality of the letter which his father had written. With what feelings of grief and pleasure did he fly to the arms of his mother and sister! Edith wept for sorrow at the news of the death of her father, and wept for joy, as she clasped the neck of her only brother, and for the first time embraced "poor Mary," as her real mother! By degrees, and under the kind attentions of Edith and Paul, Mary recovered so far as to be a comfort to those about her, and enjoy the caresses of her two children, who were ever anxious to administer to her wants and enjoyments.

But let us look back a little; let us see how the fiend and originator of the sorrow which we have had occasion to witness, tottered to his fall. Munson no sooner learned that the authorities had seized Fin and his crew, than he suddenly disappeared from the eyes of all. No one guessed of his whereabouts. But we will penetrate his retreat. High up in that dark, little room, where, but a few nights since, we saw him closeted with his accomplice, Fin, had he slunk unseen away, like the hunted fox. Crouched up on the old iron-bound chest, he sat with his feet under him, his elbows on his knees, and his face resting in his skinny hands. Now

swaying back and forth, as if to lull his growing fears to rest ; now starting convulsively, and glaring wildly at the door, whenever a sound met his ear ; and again uttering the most fearful curses, he would clutch his fingers madly together, until the long sharp nails penetrated his own shrivelled cheeks. Thus with his brain burning, his eyes dry and hot, his mouth parched, did he sit crouched upon that old chest from morning until night. But, O, the night ! The black night, that brought with it all the terrors of imagination, together with the fears of dreadful realities ! O night ! what a scourge hast thou for the evil conscience ! Daylight, with her living, searching, acting officers of justice, hath not the thousandth part of the horrors of thy dark silence ! Munson dared not crawl forth from his retreat ; he saw in imagination myrmidons of the iron-handed law, waiting at every turn and corner. The darkness came, and the Quaker dared not look into it, he shut his eyes and covered them with his hands. But closed eyelids and hands were not enough ; his fears saw through all these ; and he beheld the white ghost of his father-in-law peering into his face. Again he saw a figure swinging from a gallows, whirling and swaying listlessly in the winds ; cold lips whispered in his ear, " Behold thyself ! " And the Quaker, bursting with terror, sprung forward, with his face downwards, on to the floor. The night passed away ; and the morning found the officers searching

the dwelling of Nathaniel Munson. Passing from room to room as they ascended the stairs, they were at last brought to the place of the Quaker's concealment. Once, twice, and thrice did they knock, but no answer came, and they burst the door. The old man, trembling, pale and haggard, sat in the middle of the floor, and gazed wildly at the men as they entered. They approached him; he gasped and gasped, as if for breath to scream, but could not; then, being too exhausted to rise, with his hands and feet, he crawled backwards into the farthest and darkest corner of the room, his whole frame shivering as with the ague, his fallen underjaw quivering, his thin hair strewn wildly about his face, and his red eyes starting from their sockets! Such was the wreck of humanity which on that day was incarcerated within cold stone walls and iron gratings. Such was Nathaniel Munson, the Quaker!

Fin and his crew had been seized as pirates, and Munson as one who was concerned in getting the spoils of the traffic without dipping his own hands in blood; but believing that he was to be tried both for the murder of his father-in-law, and as a speculator in piracies, and hearing that his own son had turned state's evidence, he resolved to anticipate the law, and was found, one morning, suspended to the grating of his cell by his neck handkerchief; he was dead. Fin was executed on Bush hill, and the most of his crew were sent to the State prison,

many of them for life ; where, in the course of time, Captain Cutlass, the warlike gentleman, also was lodged for safe keeping, notwithstanding he protested that his preference was in favor of the king's service. Mr. Ichabod Inkleton, in the course of a few years, died with a severe fit of the "*delirium tremens*," which served as a timely warning to his friend, Mr. Christopher Scrapp, who, we believe, is to this day engaged in the innocent amusement of drawing what he fondly considers very severe satires on the "opposite party." The Hon. Timothy Littleworth, a very pussy old man, still persists in the belief that he resembles Napoleon, and when he has been engaged in a warfare with his bigger half, and gets the worst of the bargain, and is banished from the house, as is always sure to be the case, he finds a sufficient revenge in calling his wife "the Duke of Wellington," and himself Bonaparte, the great, but unfortunate emperor.

And now that we have gathered together the loose threads of our story, in the poetic language of Sands, we exclaim,

" Good-night to all the world ! there 's none  
Beneath the overgoing sun,  
To whom I feel or hate or spite, —  
And so to all a fair good-night ! "

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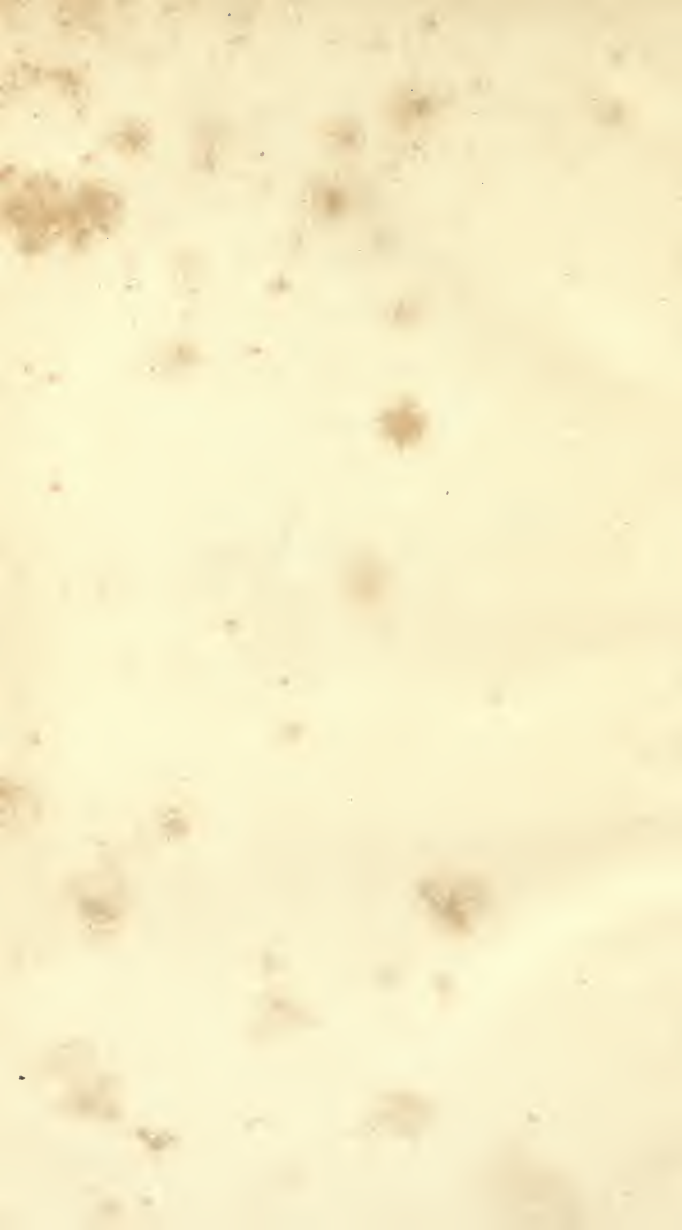
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